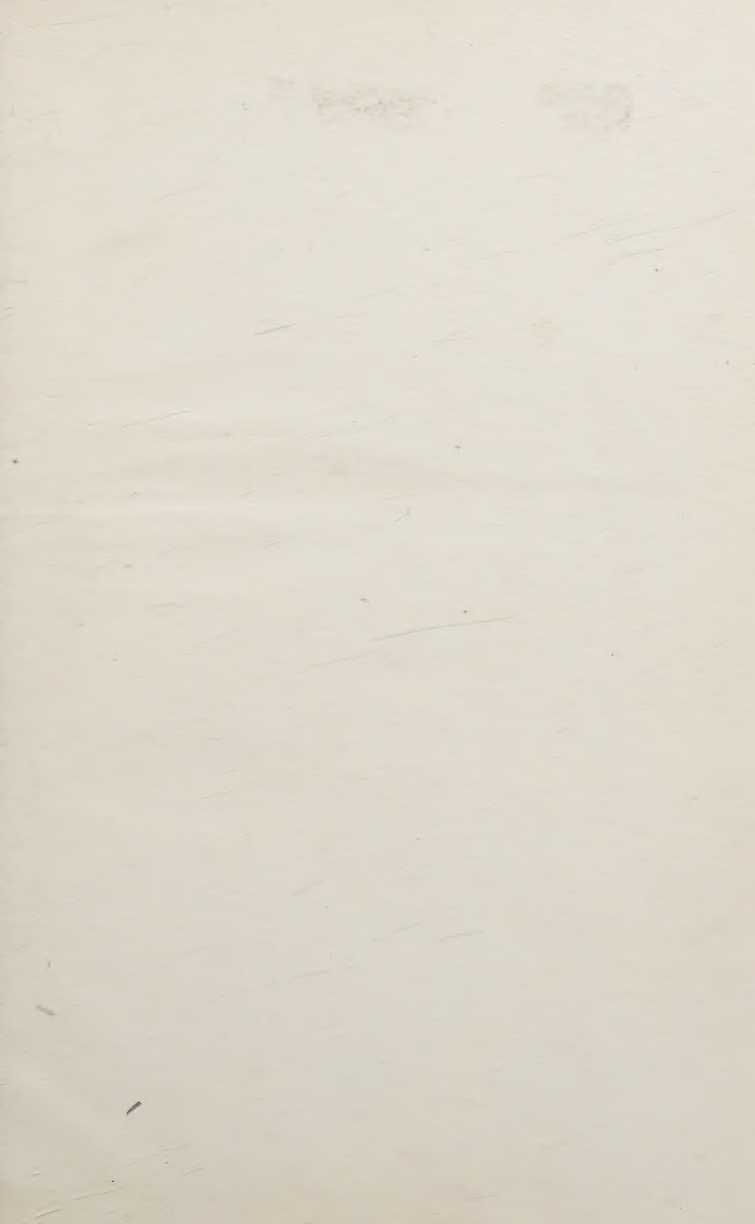


TIMOTHY TEALEAF

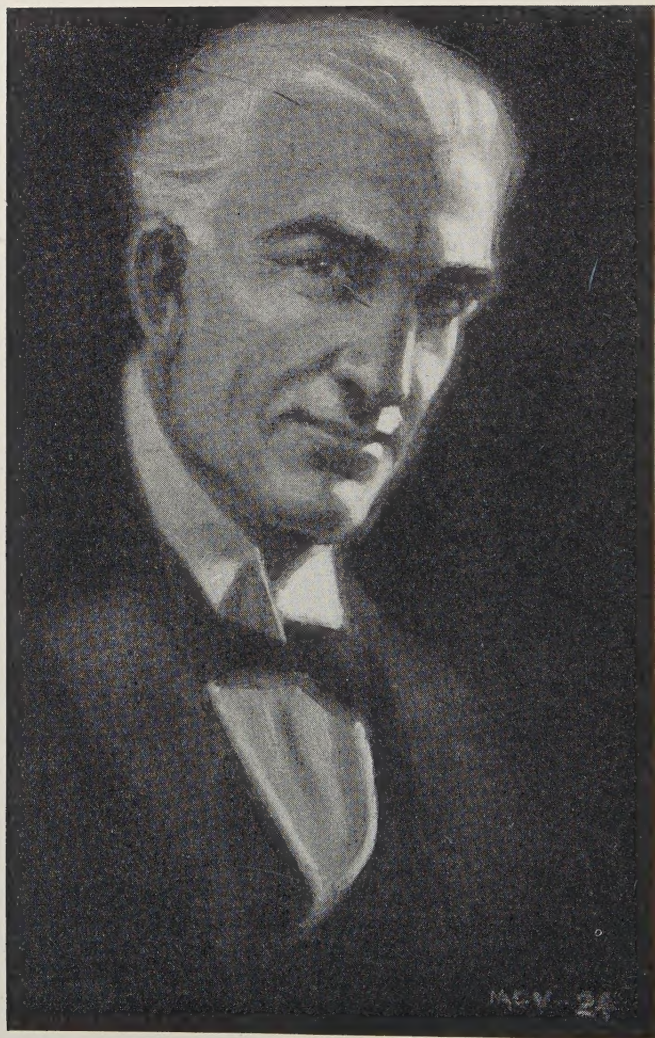
BUSINESS INVESTIGATOR





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TIMOTHY TEALEAF
Business Investigator



TIMOTHY TEALEAF

Business Investigator

By

W. W. HILL

Advertising Manager

Landay Bros. Inc., New York

Illustrated by G. R. McVicker

FIRST EDITION

Personal Achievement Handbook Series
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1925

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PREFACE

A year ago a shrewd, lean man took his place with the detectives of fiction—an investigator not interested in murders, and riots, and criminal proclivities—an adventurer not concerned with police nor secret service operatives, but rather with the mysteries of factory and office. It was Timothy Tealeaf.

His biographer is a brilliant advertising man and student of business, who in the course of his personal adventures as a copy writer, advertising agency executive, naval officer, traveling salesman, Western manager for a large Eastern organization, publisher, and advertising manager for a chain of retail stores, had a keen eye for the interesting things in business, the romance, and fascination, and challenge of problems of industry and commerce. With the help of artist and staff members of *Personal Efficiency*, Mr. Hill crystallized the adventures of Timothy Tealeaf into brief stories which have been very popular with the readers of that periodical.

If the kindly, wise old man, with his shrewd insight into the human motives and quick ability to spot the key log of a business jam, impresses you as he has me with the conviction that concentrated thinking plus an appreciation of the importance of the human element will enable any man to make the investigations that every business occasionally needs, and if his adventures kindle a bit your imagination concerning

the solid enjoyment, the fascination, the romance of business, then Timothy Tealeaf "has done it again."

When these stories were first published in *Personal Efficiency*, references were made to chapters elaborating the various policies and principles which Timothy Tealeaf applied as found in texts on business which many of the readers owned. After mature consideration it has been decided to reprint them in this book also; further information concerning them will gladly be furnished by the publishers of this book.

The stories in this book are based on real business problems and situations and upon actions of typical men, but no individual man or individual firm or organization is being described. Timothy Tealeaf's solutions are not intended to be "model solutions" to business problems, but rather typical methods of approach and the application of the doctrine of "investigate, gather information, analyze, think, and act."

E. P. HERMANN, *Editor*.

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EPISODE ONE

The Adventure of the Eureka Noiseless Coffee Mill

THE Limited hesitated at Theodore for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and then tore around the bend in its flight across the continent, leaving in its wake on the rickety platform a long, lean, linen-dustered figure accompanied by a travel-worn bag.

The natives stared in open-mouthed puzzlement. Uncle John, driver of the town flivver, was the first to recover his presence of mind, and he it was who drove the stranger to the Commercial Hotel, where he signed himself in the battered register "Timothy Tealeaf, New York City," and retired to the room assigned him.

Ten minutes later Timothy Tealeaf, Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—reappeared and was driven rapidly to the plant of the Eureka Noiseless Coffee Mill Company. According to Uncle John, retailing the story afterward, "He sez, 'Let me out here,' an' out he gits a block from the fact'ry!"

Timothy Tealeaf sauntered up to the employes' entrance and engaged in conversation Ben Atwater, foreman of the assembly room for lo, these thirty years.

"So," said Ben reflectively, "You want to work here, stranger?"

"I don't know," answered Timothy. "Last place I worked there was an awful crab of a works manager, and I just couldn't get along with him. I thought perhaps you could tell me how it is here, before I go in."

“Well, now, I’ll tell you. Old Man Edgerton, who started this here outfit fifty years ago, died this Spring. While he was here it was a fine place to work. Everythin’ was goin’ good—no kicks from no one. When he died his son Joe come back from college and took charge. First thing ye know Joe was raisin’ Cain around the fact’ry—tellin’ us, who had been doin’ the work good enough to suit his old man, how we’d ought to ‘speed up production.’ He got all the boys together and made a speech about raisin’ their standard of livin’—which got some of ’em sore, seein’ that he went to school with ’em, and wasn’t above goin’ with the same girls they went with, before he went away.

“Next he gets old George Marshall, who’s been assemblin’ ever since I kin remember, an’ stands behind him with a stop watch till old George is nigh crazy. Then he tries to show him how he kin assemble a mill with three motions instead of five, or somethin’ like that, until George gets his arms so tangled up that it takes him about six minutes to unravel ’em again. Then the young feller comes to me and wants me to fire George because he ain’t no good! Why, George is the best worker I got! I’d about as soon fire myself!”

Timothy Tealeaf hid a smile.

“Perhaps the boy was only trying to get an idea of the way things worked.”

“No—he *had* his own idea of the way things *ought* to work, an’ he starts out to fix ’em that way. Last week he had a couple of the fellers in with a steel tape, takin’ measurements all over everythin’. I thought once or twice they’d got caught in the belts. Jim Ferris asked him what he was doing’, and he said he was installin’ a direct-line system. Here I am, foreman of the assembly room, an’ he don’t say a word

to me. I tell you, if he don't cut it out, the men'll be so sore they'll quit work. If he's got ideas, why don't he tell us about 'em instead of tryin' to do 'em all by himself?"

Timothy shook his head.

"Well, I guess I don't want to work here. Thanks for tipping me off. So long."

But instead of going off down the street, he went around to the entrance to the office. A well-dressed man of middle age came to meet him.

"Mr. Tealeaf? I'm Scoville, president of the Bank. We're mighty glad you've come to help us out—we certainly need help from somewhere. Let's talk things over."

They went into the conference room and lighted cigars.

"This company," said the banker, "was started fifty years ago by James W. Edgerton. He had just a small workshop in those days, and he carried on the business himself. It grew and grew, and he finally saved enough to put up this building.⁽¹⁾ From that time on he made money, and ten years ago he incorporated for \$100,000.⁽²⁾ Everybody in town bought some of the stock.⁽³⁾

"Then the War broke out. Edgerton went after war contracts like everybody else. He got one that required a lot of machinery he didn't have, but he sold an issue of common stock⁽⁴⁾ and bought it. The coffee-mill business dropped off to a point where there wasn't any at all, and Edgerton acted as if he thought the War was going to last forever.

"Then the Armistice came. It was a sort of a surprise to him, just as it was to a lot of us. But he canceled his contracts and started making coffee mills again. Then he found out that while he was making war paraphernalia the trade was not standing

around waiting for him to start going. Others had been making just as good mills as he had ever made, and they took the first chance to grab off the business. The first thing Edgerton knew, he had a lot of money tied up in mills that he couldn't move. He sold a bond issue thru a New York house,⁽⁵⁾ and my bank took a lot of it. ⁽⁶⁾ I guess everybody in Theodore has some. Then he got a couple of men on the road and sold some mills, but he had trouble meeting the interest date on his bonds.⁽⁵⁾ Last February he just barely made the grade, and died right after that from overwork and worry. Since then the company has been like a ship without a sail. Young Joe Edgerton came home from college and we put him in charge of the works, but he doesn't get along with the men. I tell you, it's bad."⁽⁷⁾

Timothy Tealeaf rolled his cigar and blinked.

"What's your interest in the Eureka beside your directorship?"⁽⁸⁾

"My personal interest is considerable, but I'm not thinking of that. It's the bank and the town that worry me. The bank and the town and the firm are all tied up together. Five hundred workmen have jobs in the works. Their families buy in town, and they and the merchants deposit in my bank—thousands of dollars a month.⁽⁹⁾ Furthermore, these, and many other people, have invested their money in Eureka, and the bank has a lot of the bonds. If the company goes busted, the town goes too, and that means ruination for all of us. We depend on you absolutely, and I hope to Heaven you can do something."

There was dead silence in the room. Timothy Tealeaf took out a notebook and pencil and made notes. Finally he looked up.

"Your last words implied a promise, Mr. Scoville.

You said you depended absolutely on my judgment. Are you speaking for the rest of the directors? Will you all back me up in my decision?"

"Yes."

"Fine. Now as to the factory. Joe probably has the right idea about changing things. The chances are that the factory layout just grew without rhyme or reason—most of these old plants are laid out that way.⁽¹⁰⁾ But I was talking to one of the foremen outside, and he told me a thing or two. Joe has just gone after the job in the wrong spirit. He has a lot of big business ideas. He has tried to adapt strike-breaking methods to some very simple problems.

"For instance, he nearly scared the life out of old George Marshall making a time study and job analysis of his work.⁽¹¹⁾ He had a good idea on assembling, but he didn't tell anybody what it was all about, and now the foreman of the assembly room is sore at him.⁽¹²⁾ If Joe had taken George Marshall and put him on a piecework basis,⁽¹³⁾ and then shown him how much money he could make by using three motions instead of five,⁽¹⁴⁾ Marshall would have been sold on the idea right away. If Joe had gone to Ben Atwater and said, 'Say, Ben, don't you think that if we put in a direct-line system we'd make a lot more mills?' he'd have had Ben's co-operation from the start. Take Joe and put him wise to himself. Make him work thru his foreman.⁽¹⁵⁾ That will fix up whatever labor trouble you are having. If you get your workmen in a loyal frame of mind now, they'll stick with you during possible trouble later."⁽¹⁶⁾

"That sounds like good advice, Mr. Tealeaf. Now what about finances?"

Timothy Tealeaf leaned forward over the table.

"Mr. Scoville, let me remind you that a minute ago you promised me co-operation. I am going to

ask your bank to lend the firm \$75,000 for two years at 6 per cent.”⁽¹⁷⁾⁽¹⁸⁾

“Why—er—on what security?”

“None—just their note. Let me remind you further that your alternative to granting this loan is probably that of losing the bank’s money, and putting most of the town in bankruptcy.”

“What is your plan?”

“Think of the company’s condition—an old-established outfit making a good product, which was once stocked by every dealer and jobber in the country. The company stops making mills, and the demand dies out. Another manufacturer comes in with a similar product, backs it up with a lot of advertising, and the trade jumps at the chance to replace the old product, which they can’t get, with the new one which they can.⁽¹⁹⁾ They’ve forgotten that Eureka mills are good mills. Even when Eureka salesmen go around after the War, they won’t touch Eureka when they can get the new Royal that everybody wants. Now what is the remedy for a case like that?”

“Create demand,⁽²⁰⁾ I should say, but I don’t see what we can do. We hired the best salesmen we could find, but they didn’t make much of a dent.”

Timothy Tealeaf sniffed.

“Of course they didn’t! They were trying to get to China by digging thru the earth. They were trying to get the trade to push a product that nobody knew anything about. Consumer demand is what you want, and there’s only one way to get that.”

“Advertising!”

“Certainly! Place your advertising account with some agency,⁽²¹⁾ and tell them your whole story. Get them to spend your \$75,000 during the rest of the spring and summer in national and household magazines,^{(22) (23)} Then, in the fall send out a direct mail

campaign to dealers and jobbers.⁽²⁴⁾ announcing the return of the good old Eureka mill to life! Tie this up with your sales campaigns, and you'll have enough money to pay the interest on your bond issue and then some."

Timothy Tealeaf rose and put on his duster.

"My fee," he said, "is one thousand dollars, which is not to be paid unless my counsel has been acted upon and proved worthy." He held out his hand. "Good-by."

A year later a check for one thousand dollars, drawn on the First National Bank of Theodore, was deposited in the New York Trust and Saving Company to the account of Timothy Tealeaf. The Business Investigator had done it again!

For the benefit of readers who care to read further of the principles of business suggested in Episode 1, Timothy Tealeaf has placed references here and there thruout the story. These references are to the following books:

① *Organizing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapters 4 and 5, which discuss the Formation of a Corporation. ② *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapters 4 and 5, which deal with Securing Outside Capital, and with Stock Selling. ③ *Investment and Speculation*; Chapters 10 and 16, which discuss Bonds. ④ *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapter 7 on Planning Finance. ⑤ *Same*, Chapters 6 and 7 on Stores and Materials. ⑥ *American Banking*, by Willis; Chapter 10, on Capital and Reserves. ⑦ *Employment Department and Employe Relationship*, by Henderschott and Weakly. ⑧ *Organizing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapter 9, Organization for Operation. ⑨ *American*

Banking, by Willis; Chapter 3, a discussion of Bank Deposits. ⑩ *Industrial Organization and Management*, by Diemer; Chapter 4, Surveying Manufacturing Plants and Equipment. ⑪ *Same*, Chapter 13, dealing with Time and Motion Studies. ⑫ *Same*, Chapters 1, 11, 12, and 13, explaining Principles of Scientific Management. ⑬ *Same*, Chapter 14, Wage Systems. ⑭ *Same*, Chapter 13. ⑮ *Same*, Chapter 17 on Reports to Executives. ⑯ *Same*, Chapters 15 and 16, Personnel Problems. ⑰ *American Banking*, by Willis, Chapters 4, 5, 6, and 7, Bank Loans. ⑱ *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapters 7, 8, and 10, on Borrowing. ⑲ *Retail Store Management*, by Nystrom; Chapter 5, Buying. ⑳ *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapter 16, Creating Demand. ㉑ *Same*, Chapter 22, the Advertising Agency. ㉒ *Same*, Chapter 15. ㉓ *Same*, Chapters 2 and 10. ㉔ *Same*, Chapter 11, all dealing with Advertising Problems.

EPISODE TWO

A Close Shave for the Neverslice Razor Corporation

THE trundling bus slowed down. Timothy Tealeaf, resplendent in glistening top hat and fur-lined overcoat, swung off the step, scorning to ride on such a day.

Fifth Avenue at any time of year is a never-to-be-forgotten sight, but five o'clock of a late Fall Saturday afternoon finds it at its best. Timothy Tealeaf smelled snow in the air. The football crowds, beginning to drift in from the suburbs, thrilled him with the spirit of high carnival—the blood of Youth coursed thru his veins again, and he took in great breaths of frost-laden air.

He reached Forty-ninth Street feeling ten years younger. At Fifty-seventh he was back in his early twenties and beginning to cast an interested eye over the eager fur-framed faces of pretty girls as they appeared for an instant, then were swallowed up in the passing throng. There is no telling what would have happened had not the Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—ran squarely into a hurrying form, stopped to apologize, and suddenly held out a hand of recognition.

“Well, John W. Morse, as I live!”

“Tealeaf! What luck! Been trying to find you all day! Fancy running into you like this!”

“I suppose the appropriate comment is ‘what a small world!’ But what is it that requires immediate attention? Golf?”

"No, no, no! I want to consult you professionally."

Timothy Tealeaf's facetious mood dropped from him like a cloak. In an instant he was all business.

"That's different. Come over to the Club where we can talk."

Half an hour later saw them sunk into great over-stuffed chairs behind long cigars. John Morse gazed out on the now darkened Avenue, where hurrying motors, hurrying throngs, hurrying snowflakes, and hurrying blasts of the freezing November gale were whirled into an indescribable mass of haste sweeping helter-skelter northward thru the dusk. At last he spoke.

"As you are aware, I started in business with old Elliott twenty years ago. His little machine shop prospered, and five years later he invented and patented the Neverslice Safety Razor.⁽¹⁾ He was too old to realize that it must be marketed by modern methods,⁽²⁾ and when he went bankrupt⁽³⁾ I bought him out, lock, stock, and barrel.⁽⁴⁾ From that little concern has grown the vast organization⁽⁵⁾ which to-day is capitalized at several millions,⁽⁶⁾ and has distribution in every civilized country in the world. I refer to the Neverslice Safety Razor Corporation, of which I am President."

Timothy Tealeaf smiled at the other's pardonable pride, but nodded understandingly.

"The patents I bought from Elliott were basic and covered the whole principle on which the safety razor operates.⁽⁷⁾ Their inclusive nature practically eliminated competition. Whenever a razor similar to the Neverslice appeared, we would force it out of business, buy it up, or win an infringement suit.⁽⁷⁾ You can see that these patents, in the hands of a competitor, would be made dangerous by the very things that protect us now.⁽⁸⁾



He Ran Squarely into a Hurrying Form

"The patents expire in January. We have not been asleep—our Department of Research^⑨ has been at work night and day. The problem was to improve the Neverslice by means of patentable features that would render the old patents obsolete. To say that we have succeeded would be putting it mildly. The New Improved Neverslice makes the present one look like Fulton's first effort placed side by side with the Leviathan.

"So much for the research end of it," John Morse lowered his voice. "Of course, you realize that what I am about to tell you now is absolutely confidential?"
"Absolutely."

"Here's the way the marketing situation lines up. We have always been content to sell razors and blades thru the regular channels—to jobbers, by mail, and to drug stores, novelty stores, and hardware dealers. Our idea was that if we sold enough razors, the blades would take care of themselves. But Jim Lewis, my Sales Manager,^⑩ argued this way: A razor is a

service proposition as well as an accessory. You can sell blades for razors just as you can sell gasoline for cars, records for phonographs, needles for sewing machines, tobacco for pipes. Therefore, if we expose blades to more sales, our business in *blades* will be greater, and the razors will take care of *themselves*. So we got our market analyst working along these lines. His verdict was startling.

"Last Wednesday I called a Director's Meeting to let the Board know what we were doing.⁽¹¹⁾ Here is what we put up to them: That the New Improved Neverslice Safety Razor be put on the market immediately by means of a tremendous advertising campaign,⁽¹²⁾ backed up with publicity on the improvements. This campaign was a teaser, starting in with some hush-hush stuff about 'Look for the New Neverslice,' and bursting on the public the first week in January with 'The New Neverslice is Here to Stay'—get the idea?⁽¹³⁾ This was tied up with a sales campaign⁽¹⁴⁾ bigger than anything we had ever attempted before—and here is the crux of the whole thing—in which our sales force were to sell blades to corner cigar stores, hotel news stands, and five-and-ten-cent stores! Tealeaf, I'm not ruining my reputation for conservatism when I say that within two months we would have had *better* distribution on the new model than the present razor ever had. And what do you think that Board of Directors did? They put the 'Kibosh' on the whole program! They turned it down! They might just as well have said, 'Morse, you're an old fool. You'd better resign!'"

Timothy Tealeaf's face showed deep concern during the latter part of his friend's recital, and at its close he was visibly disturbed.

"Good Heavens, John! What were they thinking of? What was their reason?"

"They said it cost too much."

"How much was that?"

"A million for the advertising and about four hundred thousand for the rest. Of course, they approved the new patents, and that we solicit present outlets on the improved product, but they wouldn't spend one cent for selling the new markets. And I tell you, we've simply *got* to do it—we've *got* to get the jump on possible competition by putting it so far behind us that it will never catch up."

Timothy Tealeaf mused for a long time. Finally he struck the arms of his chair emphatically, and rose to go.

"John, your Board of Directors are wrong! If they've done what you say they have, they're not fit to be directors of anything. Let me fool around your office for a day or two. I don't know what I can do—the damage is done—and yet, there must be some way! Well, good night!"

Monday morning saw Timothy Tealeaf seated in the anteroom of the Neverslice executive offices, watching with keen eyes the eager young fellows who made it a habit to arrive ten minutes early; the chattering girls in groups, timing their entrance with the stroke of nine; then, at nine-thirty, the square-jawed managers and heavy-jowled executives. He seemed to be—as indeed he was—drinking in the spirit of the place, trying the business air as a hunting dog sniffs the wind.

At last he made his way into the office of Jim Lewis, Sales Manager, who shook his hand heartily.

"Well, Mr. Tealeaf! Glad to see you! Here on business?"

Timothy Tealeaf looked at the man before him, barely thirty-two, yet head of one of the country's best sales forces; a good manager, a remarkable sales-

man, who even yet liked to go out and close prospects his men found troublesome.⁽¹⁵⁾

"Yes, Jim—here on business. Saw John Morse yesterday, and he told me what a hole you're in. Don't swear—I know all about your Board of Directors. Control yourself, and give me your views on this thing."

"There's not much to tell, I guess. The sales plans are perfect, the advertising would have been the talk of the country, and the financing was so carefully worked out that I can't see a flaw in it anywhere. But they turned it down! Morning, Barton. Come in. Ever meet Mr. Timothy Tealeaf? Mr. Tealeaf, this is Barton, our Director of Research and Market Analysis."

Timothy Tealeaf looked up to find himself gazing at a huge bulk of a man in an ill-fitting black suit,



It Was a Hush-Hush Campaign

who advanced almost timidly, shook hands hurriedly, and after saying "Glad to know you, Mr. Teacup," in a still, small voice,⁽¹⁶⁾ retreated precipitately to the outer office. Jim Lewis smiled pityingly.

"Poor Barton! He's a genius on anything that takes infinite pains, but as a personality he's almost nonexistent.⁽¹⁷⁾ I think if he met someone on the street he knew, he'd dodge into a doorway rather than speak to him. His report on the New Improved Neverslice was absolutely beautiful. I—"

Timothy Tealeaf suddenly rose and smote the desk a resounding blow.

"I've got it! I've got it! I'll bet a hat I've got it! And if I'm right, you're a rotten Sales Manager and John Morse ought to be drawn and quartered. Who made that report to the Board of Directors?"⁽¹⁸⁾

"Why, Barton, of course. He—"

"I knew it!" Timothy Tealeaf fairly yelled the words. "And you call yourselves business men!"

"Here—wait a minute! What's all this about?"

Timothy Tealeaf sat down, breathing heavily, and cast a sorrowful eye on the now indignant Lewis.

"Listen, Jim. When Morse called that Directors' Meeting, what did you and he want to accomplish?"

"Why, we simply wanted to get their approval on our program!"

"No, you didn't. Here's what your object was." And now Timothy Tealeaf, very much in earnest, leaned across the desk and poked a long forefinger into the other's chest. "Your object was to make that Board of Directors part with about a million and a half of good American dollars for something they didn't understand. And why didn't they understand it. *Because you didn't sell it to them.*⁽¹⁹⁾ The whole thing was a selling proposition, like everything else in business. And yet, to put over a million



He Smote the Desk a Resounding Blow

and a half dollar sale, you chose a man who's afraid of his own shadow! No wonder you got a turndown!

"What you should have done," went on Timothy Tealeaf, "was to have yourself called in.⁽¹⁴⁾ You should have stood up there and *sold* the plan to that Board of Directors!"

Jim Lewis hung his head. He studied the carpet for some time, while Timothy Tealeaf watched him with a half smile. Finally he looked up.

"Do you think we can do anything?"

"That's up to you now. Tell John Morse he's been more than usually—er—dumb, I believe they call it. Sell him on the idea of letting you sell the Board of Directors, and then go into the meeting he ought to call immediately, and sell the Board! Good-by. If I am right, send me a check for a thousand dollars; if I am not, send me nothing."

Ten days later Timothy Tealeaf dropped in at the Club to find an envelope in his box addressed to him. Opening it, he found a little blue slip of paper, and a note hastily scribbled on a sheet torn from an office memo pad. "Sold 'em!" it read.

The Business Investigator had done it again!

Readers who wish to investigate some of the business principles suggested by the problems of Episode 2 may find the following references of interest:

① *Business Law*, by Hirschl; Chapter 16 on Trade-Marks. ② *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 2, division 1, Principles of Distribution. ③ *Business Law*, by Hirschl; Chapter 17, Bankruptcy and American Law and Procedure, Volume 10. ④ *Organizing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapter 2, Individual Proprietorship. ⑤ *Same*, Chapters 4, 5, 8, and 10, Corporation Procedure. ⑥ *Financing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapter 2. ⑦ *American Law and Procedure*; Volume 4, Patents, Copyrights, and Trade-

Marks. ⑧ *Where and How to Find the Law*, by Childs. ⑨ *Advertising*, by Kastor, Chapter 3. ⑩ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen, Part 2. ⑪ *Organizing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapter 9, Officers and Directors of a Corporation. ⑫ *Advertising*, by Kastor, Chapter 2. ⑬ *Same*, Chapters 3, 4, and 5 on Advertising Campaigns. ⑭ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen, Part 2. ⑮ *Same*, Part 1. ⑯ *Effective Public Speaking*, by Robinson; Chapter 4. ⑰ *Business Psychology*, by Münsterberg; Chapter 9. ⑱ *Same*, Chapters 8 and 11. ⑲ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 1, and *Effective Public Speaking*, by Robinson; Chapters 2 and 3.

EPISODE THREE

This "Earth-of-Ours" Gets on the Map

THE Directors' Room smelled richly of cigar smoke. The Board was in session, and the pompous, prosperous-looking members sat around the long mahogany table, talking in undertones, scrawling grotesqueries on their little memo pads, and all listening to Timothy Tealeaf, who faced them from the seat beside the Chairman.^①

"So much for the reorganization of your interdepartmental activities,"^② the Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—was saying, as he rolled up a large organization chart. He hesitated; then, like a swimmer taking the plunge, he spoke further. "Gentlemen," he said, "don't think me supercritical in what I am about to say. I want to tell you that your company is in a very serious condition."

One of the Directors laughed.

"That's a good joke, Tealeaf! That's worth your fee all by itself!"

The Chairman used his gavel. "Quiet, please, gentlemen! Proceed, Mr. Tealeaf."

"Let me review the whole chain of events that lead me to this conclusion. I was called in by your President, Mr. Knight, to investigate the organization and management of the Earthovars Map Company, and recommend whatever internal changes are necessary to handle the tremendous increase in business since the War. I have been with you for a month, first in one department, then another; my activities here were preceded by a thoro field investigation covering six weeks.

"You realize, I think, that fortune has favored you. Before the War you were a struggling, poorly financed corporation,⁽³⁾ picking up stray gleanings of business that other map publishers let you have. You had no school or college sales, and most of your income was thru your mail-order lists.⁽⁴⁾

"The War came along, and almost overnight you became the best-known map company in the United States. Mr. Knight conceived the truly brilliant idea of getting out a weekly map digest of the progress of the War and the changes on the Western Front. This grew immediately to a general war informational service, showing all geographical changes week by week the world over; colleges and schools, who had been clamoring for just such a service, fell all over themselves getting their orders in. Some Boards of Education"—a reminiscent smile went around the table—"reversed the usual procedure, and, instead of demanding special price concessions, offered bonuses and premiums for quick delivery. Business houses found the service invaluable, and stimulated regular trade outlets to such a degree that practically every bookstore, department store, and map dealer in the country carried your whole line of maps.⁽⁵⁾

"The Armistice came, and Mr. Knight was ready for it. The Earthovars Map Company was refinanced on a million-dollar basis.⁽⁶⁾ You found that the publicity⁽⁷⁾ gained thru the War had placed you permanently in the forefront as the outstanding map publishers in the country. Following up your advantage, you have guided your expansion along three channels: First, the mail order; second, the trade; third, the schools and colleges. Your annual business along these three lines has so far outgrown your present organization that you find it imperative to reconstruct its framework. Gentlemen, I tore down the

entire machinery of your company. When I had all its gears and springs spread about me and started to reassemble them, I found that, like the amateur automobile mechanic, I had enough spare parts left over to make a whole new Ford! The plan I have just explained will save you about thirty thousand dollars a year."

There was a stir among the Directors. "You mentioned a serious condition, Mr. Tealeaf," said one.

"Yes, gentlemen—a very serious condition; a cancer eating at your very vitals; a sickness that is almost always fatal, because you never see it coming; you don't feel it until it's too late to do anything. I'll lay you ten to one that when I tell you what it is, I'll have to *show* you it's there before you'll believe me, and I must confess that it's a difficult thing to point to definitely. What I refer to is the widespread ill will that the Company has engendered against itself by its selfish attitude toward customers."

The Chairman sprang to his feet. "Mr. Tealeaf, that's ridiculous! Bear in mind that we called you in to prescribe for an organization that has *outgrown* its business! Does that look as if we had any other than *good* will?"⑧

"Just a minute! I said I'd have to show you that you're in a bad way—I'll try to do so by telling you of some of the things I came across in my investigation." Timothy Tealeaf paused and eyed the now thoroly aroused Board of Directors, who had laid aside their memo pads, and were letting their cigars go out in their anxiety to catch his every word.

"The first thing I did when I undertook to analyze your needs was to go out on the road and call on some of your largest university accounts. Almost all buying in this field is done by the instructors. They requisition the purchasing department of the univer-



“The Buying Is Done by the Instructors”

sity for whatever maps they need, and the only part the purchasing agent has in the sale is making out the order and sending it in. I find, however, that absolutely no attempt has been made to get the good will of the instructors. They order certain maps for the Spring semester, and find that the catalog from which they ordered has been superseded by a later one, in which the maps wanted are sold at increased prices, with different specifications; or they may be out of print altogether, and you haven't troubled yourselves to send a new catalog. Requests for information are answered months late by some fresh kid just out of college who writes such an intolerant, arbitrary letter that the instructor ends by wishing to heaven that there was somebody else in the map business who could give him what he wants.⑨

“Your line of small individual maps for outside study is carried by the college bookstores at the request of the instructors. A bookstore orders thirty copies of a certain map for the benefit of students in

a particular course. The students are sent to the store, and find that the wrong maps were shipped, and that no satisfaction can be had from the Earth-ovars Map Company. Perhaps the maps have not been shipped at all, and correspondence discloses that they are out of stock for a month and that you have not bothered to tell the bookstore about the delay.

"If the wrong maps are sent, naturally the bookstore wants to return them for credit—they can't use them.⁽¹⁰⁾ But will you take them back? No! There's some fool policy that forbids the return of unsold goods. I go thru your correspondence files and see letter after letter reading like this: 'We are sorry to state that a company *policy* of long standing prevents our granting your request.' It's *policy* this and *policy* that! It's your policies that are getting you in Dutch!

"You have an independent attitude toward all your customers. Here's a case in point: You sell the Atlas of Ocean Shipping Lanes, the only one in existence. You know that anyone wanting to use maps of this nature has got to use yours. As a result, all the colleges have organized their courses on foreign trade around these maps. Last Spring you suddenly withdrew the old edition, put out a new edition which was radically different and simply *made* everyone use it because you arbitrarily wouldn't sell the old edition another semester. It was just as if you said, 'We'd rather you'd use the new edition, so we're going to withdraw the old one. We won't bother to tell you about it. If you have to reorganize your course at the last minute, that's your hard luck!'

"I could cite many cases like this—cases where your 'public be hanged' attitude is causing little sore spots all around the country. It's the same thing with the dealers.⁽¹¹⁾ You advertise a new map or

series.⁽¹²⁾ You send your salesmen out to stock up the stores,⁽¹³⁾ and they bring in a big bunch of orders. All this time your mail-order campaigns are running, and you're getting orders from this source as well. When the publication date comes, you *deliberately* hold up your shipments to dealers long enough to get most of their orders away from them by mail. When you're good and ready you fill their orders, and they get stuck with about half their stock because you have sold right over their heads.⁽¹⁴⁾

"As I say, gentlemen," went on Timothy Tealeaf, "it's hard to put your finger on anything specific when it comes to keeping the good will of the customers you sell to. You've got to treat them right. Put yourselves in their place whenever some special request or discussion comes up, especially in your correspondence.⁽¹⁵⁾ When they ask you for a special



A Letter Which He Hands Across the Table

concession, or something out of the ordinary, don't write back and say, 'We have a policy of long standing that makes it impossible to grant your request!' Give them what they want if it's within your power—if it isn't, give them the next best thing! Junk all these policies that make you suspicious of everyone you do business with! What if you do lose a few dollars here and there; what if an occasional account can't be collected? The loss is made up many times by the better business you get from the customers you help and who appreciate what you do for them!

"To put it in a very few words, gentlemen, I urge you to forget that you're the Earthovars Map Company, the only pebble on the map-publishing beach! Cross the word 'policy' out of the dictionary! Stop this 'public be hanged' and this 'customer is always wrong' stuff! Say to yourselves, 'the public be *pleased*' and 'the customer is always *right*!' If you don't, you're due for a bad fall, mark—my—words!" And Timothy Tealeaf sat down, passing a handkerchief across his glistening forehead.

There was an instant of silence—then simultaneously five or six were on their feet. Knight, the president, was given the floor, and he faced Timothy Tealeaf truculently.

"Mr. Tealeaf, we got you in here to readjust part of our organization and eliminate duplication of effort.⁽¹⁶⁾ If you'd stopped there you would have been all right. But the trouble with you is that you think you're a privileged character around here. We didn't ask you for your opinion on our sales policies or any other policies!"

"I realize that," said Timothy Tealeaf, controlling himself with an effort. "I tried to make it clear that I was not submitting my personal opinion of your policies as a part of my report—I was merely offering a suggestion!"



Simultaneously Five or Six Were on Their Feet

"Well—please keep your suggestions to yourself. When we want them, we'll pay you to give them to us. Until we do, suppose you mind—."

"Hold on! If you're going to get nasty, so am I! I'll just make that suggestion part of my recommendations, and you can either accept or reject the whole thing!"

"That won't get you anything! We will accept your reorganization, but not your suggestion! Take it or leave it!"

Timothy Tealeaf jumped to his feet, his eyes flashing. "Knight, your attitude right now is a good example of what I mean! You've got a swelled head, and so has the Earthovars Map Company! If you reject any part of my plan, you don't owe me a cent!"

Knight smiled.

"I guess we owe you nothing, then. Am I right,

gentlemen? Mr. Chairman, I demand a vote!"

The chairman rose.

"What is the Board's pleasure?"

. . . Mr. Davis."

"Mr. Chairman, I move that a unanimous ballot be cast rejecting Mr. Tealeaf's recommendations regarding policies!"

"Mr. Chirman, I second the motion!"

"A motion has been made and seconded that a unanimous ballot be cast rejecting Mr. Tealeaf's recommendations regarding policies. Any discussion? All in favor so signify by saying 'aye!'"

"AYE!" It was a roar.

"Opposed?"

Silence.

Timothy Tealeaf rose. "I understand that my services to you are at an end. I am sorry that we do not agree, and I sincerely hope that the future may relieve the very great danger in which I see your company now. Good day!"

Two years later. Timothy Tealeaf sits at lunch with a friend. The latter speaks—

"I see the Earthovars people are beginning to get on their feet again. Too bad that a company like that had to go thru bankruptcy.⁽¹⁷⁾ Didn't you do some work for them a couple of years ago?"

Timothy Tealeaf smiles, and without a word draws from his pocket a letter which he hands across the table.

The other unfolds the sheet of paper, stares at the check clipped to it, and then reads aloud:

My Dear Mr. Tealeaf:

For the past six months, as you know, we have been perfecting the organization outlined by you for the Earthovars Map Company several years ago. You

will be pleased to know that it is working like the proverbial well-oiled machine, and is satisfactory in every way.

We have also been carrying out to the letter your policy of good will, and find that it is a better business producer than all the salesmen in the world. Under the circumstances, we feel that you have fully earned the inclosed check for one thousand dollars—as well as our eternal thanks!

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Melvin Hall,
RECEIVER.

The Business Investigator had done it again!

For the benefit of readers who care to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 4, Timothy Tealeaf has placed references here and there thruout his story. These references may be found in the following books:

① *Effective Public Speaking*, by Robinson; Lesson 7, deals with the Physical Aspects of Delivery. ② and ⑩ *Office Organization and Management*, by Parsons; Chapters 1 and 2, tell How to Lay Out the Office for Highest Efficiency. ⑩ *Same*; Chapters 2 and 17 treat the Actual Organization of Departments and describe Efficiency and Time-Saving Machines and Equipment That Help Eliminate Unnecessary Labor. ③ and ⑥ *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapters 2 and 3, deal with Planning the Financing of a Business, and Determining Accurately the Amount of Capital Necessary to Carry Out a Definite Program. ⑥ *Applied Business Finance*, by Lincoln; Chapters 5, 6, 7, 8, tell How to Raise Additional Capital to Meet Increased Expenses and Care for Expansion. ④ and ⑫ *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapter 11, explains the Use of Catalogs, Circulars, and Other Direct-by-Mail Literature, and Its

Preparation. ⑫ *Same*; Chapter 2, tells How to Plan and Execute the Advertising Campaign. ⑤, ⑪ and ⑭ *Retail Store Management*, by Nystrom; Chapter 5, lays down Buying Rules Followed by Retailers Everywhere. ⑪ *Same*; Chapter 12 deals with Retail Store Policies. ⑭ *Same*; Chapters 5 and 8 describe completely the Accepted Systems of Buying and Keeping Stock Up to Date. ⑦, ⑧ and ⑨ *Publicity*, by Wilder and Buell; Chapters 1 and 2, define Publicity and block out the Field of Endeavor for Gaining It. ⑧ and ⑨ *Same*; Chapters 4 and 12 discuss Publicity Campaigns and Word-of-Mouth Publicity. ⑩ *Credits and Collections*, by Skinner, White & Kramer; Part 1, discusses fully the entire subject of Credit Granting and Terms. ⑮ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 2, Chapter 2, covers Sound Selling Policies, and points out the danger in those which are not in accordance with highest business ethics. ⑮ *Business English*, by Lewis; Chapter 23, tells the correspondent How to Keep the Customer Sold by Mail. ⑰ *Business Law*, by Hirschl; Chapter 17, explains the Process of Bankruptcy from a Legal Standpoint.

EPISODE FOUR

The Kipaway Fromswinging Doors Company Gets a Jar

THE orchestra plunged enthusiastically into the final refrain of the season's hit, concluding with an admixture of melody and rhythm that left the alleged musicians panting and disheveled. A perfunctory patter of applause swept among the dancers like April rain on an attic roof, giving way almost immediately to the hum and buzz of rising conversation. But hold! Who is this who stalks alone from the hall, strangely solitary amid the throng? I'm glad you asked me! It is Timothy Tealeaf.

The Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—strolled to the window and peered out. The raw March gale rattled and shook the sashes, seeking to enter. Little drifts of snow, fine and hard as diamond dust, sifted in thru the joints and settled on the broad sill. Up and down the wind-swept boulevard scuttled the puny figures of late home goers, beating their way against the elements or running before them, taking dangerous chances with the icy pavements. Traffic lights winked alternately red and green like fearsome Cyclops, and the endless serpentine rows of snorting motors stopped and moved, moved and stopped until, converging where the Wrigley Tower stabbed a frigid blood-tipped finger into the sky, they vanished into the night.

Timothy Tealeaf gazed smugly out upon this scene of blizzardry, counting himself fortunate to be indoors,

with no immediate obligation to venture forth. He wondered whether the men on the street knew whither they were going; they reminded him of certain acquaintances, who upon entering business, seemed to be caught up and buffeted about in a similar manner by the vicissitudes of what some of them called Fate, others hard luck or a lack of "pull." A funny world! Here was one he knew, a young fellow with four years at college—to say nothing of several more at a famous graduate school of business—who had no more objective or goal^① than the panic-stricken cockroach which that morning had striven to scale the precipitous side of his porcelain tub! Timothy Tealeaf smiled at the comparison; both the man and the cockroach wanted mightily to reach the top, but neither had figured out how it was to be done!

Then, by way of contrast, there was the twenty-two-year-old son of a blasphemous, horse-beating teamster, who from the age of fourteen had lent his support to the family burden, gaining by study and observation what he had missed at school—and now his name was on a glass door with "Vice President" beneath it!

A light footstep startled him out of his reverie, and he turned to see a girl in evening dress coming toward him.

Timothy Tealeaf thought he had never seen anyone so lovely. Feminine charm had long since lost its lure for him, but momentarily he wished with all his heart that one of the Good Fairies so often mentioned in childhood tales might happen along and obligingly make him a youth again. To him she seemed visionary; an angelic figure in a ball gown—a mist of hair incapable of description—a face the like of which he was sure had never before appeared on earth. And those eyes! Dark and infinitely deep

they were—you looked into them and saw great distances beyond. Bewitching, too, in their straightforwardness and sincerity.

Timothy Tealeaf found them indeed bewitching; so much so that he stopped in his tracks. When it became evident that she wished to speak to him, it was nothing short of sheer paralysis that prevented his precipitate retirement. He mastered himself with an effort, however, and with an appearance of outward calm went inquiringly to meet her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with adorable confusion; "are you Mr. Timothy Tealeaf?"

"Yes, I am Timothy Tealeaf—at your service."

"You are the Business Investigator?"

He admitted the soft impeachment, and thereupon recovered in some degree his composure. Cupid, who had been hovering hopefully in the background with arrow notched and bow poised, sighed and departed in quest of other game.

"My name," she said, "is Dorothy Brown. David Brown, President of the Electric Light & Power Company, is my father. Perhaps you have heard of him?"

"I know your father well," said Timothy Tealeaf. "Allow me to say that if it were possible for me to derive greater pleasure from being of service to you than that which I already feel, the privilege of helping David Brown's daughter would provide it!"

She smiled.

"A very pretty, if somewhat complicated speech! But how did you know I wished to consult you professionally? I think you have the makings of a great detective!"

"You told me." His eyes twinkled. "Socially, I am not known as the Business Investigator! Won't you be seated?"

He placed a chair for her, took one himself, and tried with poor success to become the Business Investigator just mentioned. Those eyes!

"Now, then," said he, "please tell me exactly how I may be of service. I seem to remember your father mentioning the Ambulance Corps—am I not right?"

"Yes," she replied, "and that has something to do with what I wish to discuss. You see, they made me a Major, and I had a lot of responsibility and no end of work. After I was demobilized, civilian life was so unbearably dull that I simply couldn't stand it—so I entered business!"

"Good for you! Please proceed."

"I combed the city seeking what I wanted, and found it—secretary to the general manager of the



**Timothy Tealeaf Thought He Had Never Seen Anyone
so Lovely**

Kipaway Fromswinging Doors Company. As you may know, we have popularized the self-swinging door; the luxury that once was available only to the idle rich is now within reach of all! I hope you don't mind my quoting an occasional bit of advertising copy,^② Mr. Tealeaf! I read it, speak it, think it all day long! I'm simply wrapped up in it!"

Timothy Tealeaf was mildly amused. "What in the world," he asked, "is a Kipaway Fromswinging Door?"

"Ah, but you should read the women's magazines; you would see our advertising!^③ A Kipaway Fromswinging Door is an automatic door—I know you've seen them—which connects the dining room with the butler's pantry, or the kitchen. Before the Kipaway was invented, it was necessary for the housewife or maid, in clearing the table after a meal, to pause with a tray full of dishes in one hand while she opened the door with the other. Her only alternative was to leave the door open; this was undesirable because it let all the cooking odors into the dining room."

"I follow you so far—please go on."

"The Kipaway door, at the pressure of a footplate, swings open *away* from the approaching person, holds itself there until he or she has passed thru, and then closes automatically. The opening is done by electricity, and the closing by a device similar to a door-stop—there is a cylinder with a hinged arm and a padded head, which by air pressure eases the door to, every time it is opened. It sounds complicated, but it isn't.

"The company has grown steadily,"^④ she went on. "Over twenty-five thousand Kipaways are in use to-day. I was lucky enough to grow with the firm—the first of the year they made me Manager of the Mail Order Service Department!"

"Er—I beg your pardon, but did you say mail order?"

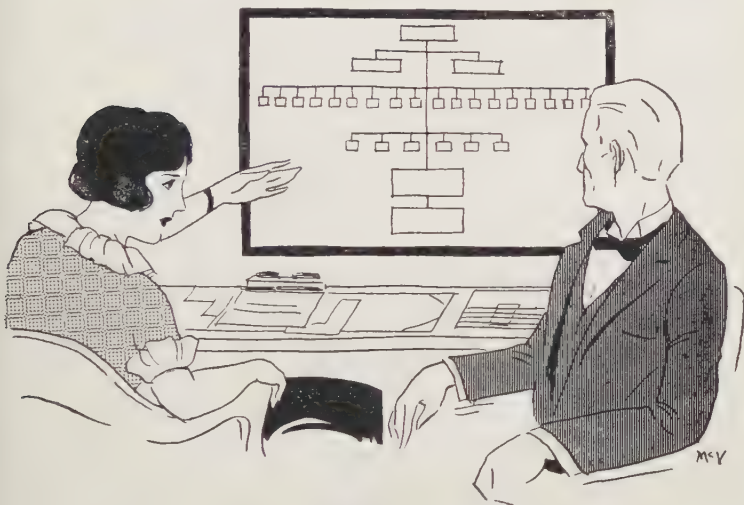
"Why, yes. We sell by mail."

"Doors? By mail?"⑤

"Well—not exactly. But there are fittings that must be renewed. For instance, the cylinder of the doorstop wears out. Then there is the padding on the head that renders the cylinder air-tight. There are a number of parts that we must supply. But here is where the service comes in: When a door is installed, we furnish with it a number of post cards, on which order forms are printed. When the user wants a part, she drops a card in the mail. We ship the part to her C. O. D.⑥ A separate department takes care of all this work—the one of which I am Manager."

Timothy Tealeaf was properly chastened. These women in business! Most of them were by way of being impossible—but this girl was actually talking sense!

"We send out hundreds of parts a day," Dorothy Brown was saying, "and I have a large staff of clerks⑦ under me. But things aren't running smoothly; every morning I find my desk piled high with complaints. Mrs. Jones, of Broken Bow, hasn't received the Number 21 screw she ordered the tenth of last month; Mrs. Smith, of Oshkosh, sent for a padding ring, but it didn't come, and the other day the door flew back and broke her nose; Mrs. Munk, of Hollywood, the mother of Jackie O'Toole, wants a new cylinder, and writes that if we don't send it by return mail she'll take the matter up with Will Hays. Joking aside, tho, Mr. Tealeaf, it's really serious. I've tried *everything* in the way of rearrangement and systematizing; nothing seems to have done any



She Indicated a Framed Organization Chart

good. I don't want to be a quitter, but I'm very much discouraged."

The lovely eyes grew misty, and for a moment Timothy Tealeaf feared the worst. But she rose with a quick little smile and held out her hand.

"I know I'm asking a lot, Mr. Tealeaf—you are so busy, and others need you, too. But this is a very serious matter with me, and I hope you do not think me unworthy of your best efforts. Won't you come to the office to-morrow, and tell me what to do?"

"I should be delighted, Miss Brown! And please believe that I shall do my very best. From what you have told me, it must be an extremely interesting problem."

"Thank you so much! Shall we say ten o'clock?" And she smiled again charmingly as a dinner-coated youngster came to claim her.

Ten o'clock the following morning saw Timothy Tealeaf giving his name to the perfect model of a modern office boy in the anteroom of the Kipaway Fromswinging Doors Company. Yes, Miss Brown was expecting him, and would see him at once. The boy stepped on a plate set in the floor, and the double doors ahead swung open as if by magic; he was led down a linoleumed aisle between rows of desks to a small corner office,⁽⁸⁾ wherein sat dejectedly Miss Dorothy Brown, lovelier than ever in a simple something with white collar and cuffs that became her more than the ball gown of the evening before.

"Good morning, Mr. Tealeaf! I'm so glad you have come! I never needed moral support more than at this precise moment!" She brandished a folder which bulged with papers. "This morning's complaints!"

Timothy Tealeaf glanced thru them. They came from every state in the Union, it seemed to him, and mentioned most of the crimes on the service calendar. He sat in deep thought for several minutes, while Dorothy Brown stared disconsolately out into the office.

"How," he finally asked, "is your department organized?"

She indicated a framed organization chart⁽⁹⁾ on the desk before her. "Here we have the manager," she explained. "These are my two assistants, who classify incoming orders according to the part wanted. They distribute it to these"—some eighteen squares on the chart—"who write up the orders on this order form." She showed him multicolored blanks with spaces for various data. "The original is in two parts, you see. After it is made out, it goes with a carbon

copy to the stock room.⁽¹⁰⁾ where the order is filled. The stock clerk tears off this label, which is used in shipping. He sends the part wanted, with the label, to the shipping department.⁽¹¹⁾ In the meantime these"—and she indicated another row of squares on the chart—"have made out C.O.D. tags and passed them on to the shipping clerk. When the parts with the labels come from the stock room, the shipping clerk ships them out, sending the ends of the C.O.D. tags back to my department. This notifies us that the order has been filled and shipped. There are other duplicates to the order form—one for the general files, one for the accounting department, and so on!"

"I see," said Timothy Tealeaf, for in truth he did. "Now let me ask you a question or two. You say your two assistants 'classify' your orders. Why?"

"Because there is a correspondent⁽¹²⁾ for each part. When the orders are classified, they are passed to the proper people to be written up." She indicated the eighteen squares.

"When an error or delay occurs, how is responsibility fixed?"

"Usually we get all the carbon copies from the various departments and compare them. But that takes too long—I can't fix responsibility and carry on constructive work too! It will take half the morning to correct these." And she doubled up her dainty fist and laid it mannishly upon the file of complaints.

Timothy Tealeaf rose thoughtfully. "Suppose," he said, "you turn me over to one of your assistants."

She pressed a button in acquiescence. "Just what I was going to suggest! Mr. Downs, this is Mr. Tealeaf." And with a smile of dismissal she turned to her desk.

Timothy Tealeaf found himself facing a young giant in whom he saw something familiar. The well-knit frame, the ruddy glow of health—those shoulders. Suddenly he recalled a frosty afternoon in late Fall, with the sun's slanting rays creeping tier by tier up the stands across the gridiron. Below, on the chalk lines, he saw again a blue-jerseyed figure drop back in the fading light, blow on his hands, tap the clay from his cleats, and sight far down the field to the goal posts, fifty-seven yards away. A thundering roar—"Downs! Downs! Put it over! Make it good!" And Downs did! The ball hit the crossbar, bounded straight, hit it again—and fell over!

Timothy Tealeaf remembered turning back as he worked his way toward the exit after the final whistle, and seeing the broad shoulders of Downs swaying among the snake-dancing students who bore him triumphantly aloft—a hero! And here were the same broad shoulders, subordinate to the will of a girl!

The Business Investigator scented romance; furthermore, the prospect appalled him. Was he, then, to be a Beatrice Fairfax to this lovelorn twain? Yes, he was. Wait and see.

He allowed himself to be led out into the department, his mind working busily the while. He scarcely heard what the young man said; but when at last they reached the stock room, and were momentarily concealed behind a convenient stack of shelves, he drew the other down upon an empty box.

"Downs," he said, "I want to ask you a question. Are you in love with Dorothy Brown?"

For a long time their glances clashed. Then, "Yes," said Downs softly.

"Why are you here?"

"Well—this will sound awfully silly to you, Mr. Tealeaf, but I always knew Dot; we grew up together.

I always loved her, too. When I came back from the War I returned to college. I played football. People made a lot of me, and by the time I graduated I was about the most conceited young idiot you ever saw! I was going to conquer the world! But first I thought I'd marry Dot.

"It never occurred to me that she'd have anything to say about it—but she did! Told me that I'd have to make good first. I told her I had, and mentioned football, but she said that fifty-seven-yard drop kicks didn't buy shoes for the baby, or words to that effect. So I told her I'd show her, and she said I'd have to do just that. I worked in an advertising agency⁽¹³⁾ for a while; then I heard that she'd been made man-



Their Glances Clashed

ager here, and I thought to myself, 'Here's my chance! I'll get a job right here in her own department, and make good so fast that I'll soon have a better job than she has!' But this is as far as I've got. Mr. Tealeaf, I'd give anything, do anything, to make her believe in me!"

"Do you mean that?"

"You bet I do!"

"You can do it! You know why I'm here; things aren't running well, and she's asked me to help her out. The solution is very simple—you ought to have thought of it yourself!"

"Solution? Great Scott, I've racked my brains for a solution!"

"Think a minute. Apply football tactics. You're in the backfield with three other players. Your object is to cover a certain amount of territory. You've got seven men in front of you in the line. When you want to execute a play, do you let one lineman do all the work, while the rest do nothing? Of course not! You allot a certain section of the line of scrimmage to each one, so that you present a solid front. Now apply that same principle⁽¹⁴⁾ to the Mail Order Service Department. Here's your territory, the whole country, spread out before you. The way you're handling it, it's just as if, when you want to make a gain, you let the end do all the work, while the rest of the team stand around and watch! Get the idea?"

Slow but sure comprehension dawned in the young man's face.

"By George, Mr. Tealeaf! You've hit it! You mean to take the eighteen people who handle the parts, give each one a part of the country instead! But hold on—do we need eighteen? Why, we can cut down the personnel; we can do as much work with half the people! Gosh, —"

"That's the boy! You've got the idea! I knew you had the stuff!"

"Stuff? *You* did it—I didn't!"

"Tut, tut! Listen, Downs. Give each one of those eighteen correspondents⁽¹⁵⁾—if you need that many—complete responsibility for a certain number of customers. Make them write up the orders, fill in the C.O.D. tags, and see that packing and shipping is done correctly and on time. You can see what a difference it will make in your service; each customer will have someone attending to *all* her wants, and therefore understanding just how she can best be served; if mistakes occur, you know immediately where to put the blame. Just work out the whole thing on paper, and give it to Miss Brown in a memo. Mark it for the attention of the president of the company, and if he doesn't kick thru with the manager-ship, I'll eat my hat!"

"It's a mean trick to play on Dot. She'll never speak to me again."

"She will if she's the girl I think she is. I'll go back and tell her that all the department needs is a little closer attention to detail. In a month or so you come out with your idea, and sell it to the president! Good luck to you!" And Timothy Tealeaf strolled back to report to Dorothy Brown, leaving Downs in a state of dazed happiness.

* * * *

Somewhere in this story mention was made of Timothy Tealeaf in the incongruous role of Beatrice Fairfax, the adviser to the lovelorn; and you, Gentle Reader, are wondering whether he was well cast in the part. Well, he was. For hard upon the announcement of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Brown to Mr. Robert Marshall Downs came a letter signed R.

M. Downs, Manager, inclosing a check on the Kip-away Fromswinging Doors Company for one thousand dollars. The Business Investigator had done it again!

But what is this? Another check—and a note! “Dear Mr. Tealeaf,” it read, “the inclosed check is rightfully yours, I know. In fact, I knew it all the time—but don’t ever tell Bob! Sincerely, Dorothy Brown.”

Among the many beautiful presents to be seen at the Brown-Downs nuptials was an immense chest of silver. It must have been worth close to a thousand dollars.

And who do you suppose sent it? Timothy Tealeaf!

For the benefit of those who wish to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 4, the following references will be found helpful:

① *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 1. ② *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapter 4. ③ *Same*; Chapter 5. ④ *Organizing a Business*, by Robinson; Chapter 4. ⑤ *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapter 11. ⑥ *Credits and Collections*, by Skinner, White and Kramer; section on Mail Order Collec-

tions. ⑦ *Office Organization and Management*, by Parsons; Chapter 3. ⑧ *Same*, Chapter 2. ⑨ *Same*, Page 17. ⑩ *Same*, Chapter 24. ⑪ *Same*, Chapter 15. ⑫ *Business English*, by Lewis; Chapters 23 and 24. ⑬ *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapter 22. ⑭ *Office Organization and Management*, by Parsons; Chapters 1 and 2. ⑮ *Industrial Organization and Management*, by Diemer; Chapter 1. *Self-Quiz on Efficiency Principles*, by Taylor.

EPISODE FIVE

The Earoff Talking Machine Co. Breaks All Records

AS A BOY, Timothy Tealeaf had fostered his boyish ideals and imageries, even as you and I. When he became a man he put away childish things, and most of these boyhood illusions went by the board.

One early impression persisted, however—that of the Big Business Man, who champs half-smoked cigars and pounds tables until the inkwells jump; whose vocabulary is pregnant with such bromides as “basis,” “reaction,” “line-up,” “contact,” and “sales psychology”; and whose granite face and austere manner leave no doubt as to the complete absence of tolerance, humor, or the milk of human kindness in his make up.① This grim specter stalked thru Timothy Tealeaf’s early business career, inflicting upon him a marked inferiority complex that he conquered only after many months of self-discipline.②

All of the foregoing explains why, even after twenty years of outstanding success, The Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—felt a sudden weakness in the knee hinges at being confronted with the very personification of the Big Business Man in the flesh—Meltus Knott, President of the Earoff Talking Machine Company.

Meltus Knott, be it known, bore a reputation for being hard boiled which stretched the length and breadth of Manhattan and well into Brooklyn and Queens, to say nothing of adjacent New Jersey.

Many were the tales extant concerning this terror of the high seas of business; many were the stories of good men broken on the rocks of his wrath, of splendid sales organizations split up and disbanded,⁽³⁾ of office forces quitting in a body⁽⁴⁾ and inadvertently giving rise to the rumor that the white-collar union had come at last. Few there were who dared work for Meltus Knott; fewer still who cared or dared to meet him face to face.

Timothy Tealeaf was one of these latter few; nor did the momentary qualm of self-doubt, which assailed him as the old complex turned in its grave, caused him to regret his action—for he dearly loved a battle of wills. As he stood in Meltus Knott's office and waited for attention, it was not hard for him to see what a veritable tyrant the man was. A short, thickset body, a face hard as nails, eyes that bored like twin gimlets, an apoplectic complexion, a voice like the bark of an enraged bulldog—no wonder he had had five secretaries in the past six months!

Meltus Knott surveyed the Business Investigator slowly and contemptuously from head to foot. Finally he broke the surcharged silence.

"Well—well—well—speak up!"

"I am Timothy Tealeaf."

"Oh, you are! Waddaya want?"

"I came in answer to your letter."

"Uh." A grunt. "Well, get busy!"

"I shall be glad to get busy, as you so elegantly put it, if you will tell me what you want done."

"Waddaya think I want done? I wrote you that I wanted you to investigate this business and find out what's wrong with it!"

Timothy Tealeaf was mildly amused and somewhat annoyed.

"Mr. Knott, you're wasting your time and mine. I don't know what's wrong with your business. I do happen to know that your Board of Directors is not satisfied with the showing of some of your departments for the year 1923; unless you tell me what the trouble is, so that I can get to work, I shall go to the Directors, and find out from them. Want me to do that?"

"Look here—don't threaten me!"

"I'm not threatening you—I'm simply telling you." And Timothy Tealeaf made as if to go.

"Here—wait a minute! Sit down!"

Timothy Tealeaf took the proffered chair with an inward smile of satisfaction. Long experience had taught him how to deal with such people!



A Voice Like the Bark of an Enraged Bulldog

"I'll tell you, Tealeaf, it's our Accessories Department. The sale of our machines is our main interest, of course. Everything is subordinated to that effort. However, we manufacture special sounding boxes, needles, automatic repeaters, automatic stops, and a number of other things in the accessory line; we sell them to our agents, branch offices, dealers, and to users of machines direct by mail. The Accessories Department, which handles these sales, used to make a lot of money, but within the last two years they've fallen off something frightful. I can't understand it. Why, during 1923 we sold no less than 73,000 machines, ranging in price from \$35 to \$1,200. A person who buys a machine indicates that he has money for pleasure and luxury; it follows that he also has money for upkeep. Every one of those 73,000 customers is a prospect for needles, stops, repeaters, all sorts of things in the accessory line. And yet, with that vast market waiting for someone to come along and sell it, we fall down! The Accessories Department is in the red to the tune of 28 per cent. Can you beat that?"

"I can't even tie it," said Timothy Tealeaf with a smile. "There must be something rotten in Denmark."

"Well, there is, and what I want you to do is find out where the rottenness is and get it out of there!" And Meltus Knott bared his upper teeth in what was evidently his conception of a friendly smile.

Timothy Tealeaf made his way to the outer office as one who steps from a cavern into sunshine. How this man's ill nature had terrorized his employes, and withered their morale! Clerks and stenographers jumped when his office door opened, and burrowed into their books or machines like ostriches hiding their heads. Those who found

it necessary to leave their desks on errands slunk to and fro like stray dogs to whom a friendly hand had never been raised. One saw none of the occasional harmless kidding or exuberant horseplay common to the happy office; there was only the fearful, furtive activity of slaves who cannot call their souls their own.

Timothy Tealeaf opened a door marked Sales Manager, and found himself in the presence of a harassed-looking tho still youthful man, who stopped dictating to a machine and held out his hand.

"Mr. Tealeaf, isn't it? I've seen you several times at the Salesmen's Club. I'm very glad to know you—my name is Roderick Davis. Sit down, won't you?"

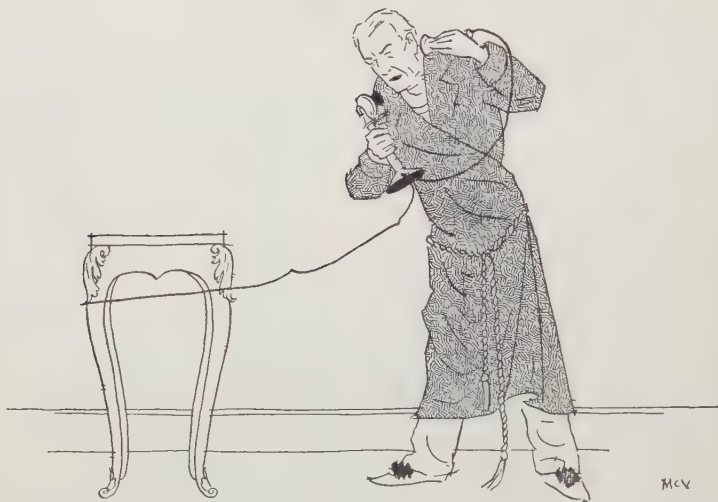
"I've heard of you, Davis—they tell me you know your business. I've been commissioned to find out why the Accessories Department isn't making money. Perhaps you can give me a starting point."

"Well, my view on the whole situation is this—that the Accessories Department *is* making money!"

"What do you mean by that? Knott just told me that it stood a loss in 1923 of over 28 per cent! But wait—tell me first just how the sales end is organized."

"With pleasure. You see, we sell three general classes of products—the machines, the records, and the accessories. The records are under an entirely different management—they have a separate selling organization. I'm sales manager for the machines and the accessories.

"Now as to the accessories," went on Davis. "I'm thoroly convinced that we make no end of money on them. It's the way we keep our records that makes all the grief." He laughed bitterly. "'Keep,' is right! Would you believe it if I told you that I don't know, from one month's end to the next, how



Timothy Tealeaf Drowsily Took the Receiver Off the Hook

much my department is charged for rent,⁽⁵⁾ for instance, or indirect salary expense,⁽⁶⁾ or advertising, or sales costs?⁽⁷⁾ All I know is how much my men are paid, and what it costs them to travel!"

"Great Scott, that's a funny situation. They expect you to make money without knowing how much it costs you to do business! Have you talked to them about it?"

"I should say I have—talked until I was black in the face—but I didn't get any satisfaction."

"What is the system of accounts?"

"Why, we have an accounting department that does all the bookkeeping. Once a year we have a firm of auditors go over our books and straighten things out. After they have bothered everybody for a couple of

weeks they call a meeting of the Board of Directors, and tell them a lot of things that no one knows about, and we're off for another year."

"In that case, I guess I'd better start with the Accounting Department, hadn't I? I'm afraid of those fellows—they're too literal minded! Well, so long."

Two weeks later, as the movie captions say. Again Timothy Tealeaf stood in the office of Meltus Knott, waiting for attention. Again he felt the weakening in the hinges of the knees—and with just cause this time—for he had a very unpleasant mission, that of telling the President of the world's greatest talking machine company certain unpleasant truths. Put yourself in his place, and see how you would like it.

Meltus Knott swung around in his chair, his beetling brows drawn down over the piercing gimlet eyes. As he read Timothy Tealeaf's face and saw there a hint of what was to come, his face purpled in thunderous wrath.

"I suppose you've got something to say to me. Well, say it, and then get out!"

Timothy Tealeaf sat down and lighted a cigar. He paused—then looked the embattled man squarely in the eye.

"Do you still want to know what's wrong with the Accessories Department?"

"Yes. Do you think you can tell me?"

"Very easily. *You* are!"

Meltus Knott was utterly taken aback. Words failed him; he could only gasp and make inarticulate sounds in his throat that refused to rise higher than his larynx.

"Before you explode, let me tell you something about yourself. You have always suffered from the same thing I suffered from when I was a young man—an inferiority complex. You have always been

afraid of other people, especially those with whom you came in contact in business; you've had a defensive attitude toward them. Subconsciously you have decided that the way to get along, to hold your own with these people you were afraid of, was to try to make them as afraid of you as you were of them. As a result, you have adopted a manner which, aside from being extremely offensive, is all wrong from an organization standpoint.⁽⁸⁾ No one can get along with you; you are absolutely unbearable. No one will work for you—I don't know why I did this work for you myself.

"Your organization here has been built up in accordance with this idea. You won't tell anybody anything. Here's your Sales Manager, Rod Davis. He ought to know, if anyone should, what it costs the company to do business; but he can't get any figures. If you'd let the Accounting Department work with him instead of against him, he could have told you two years ago why the Accessories Department shouldn't be in the hole—they're making money hand over fist, if you only knew it."

"You're crazy!"

"Am I? Listen to this: The Accessories Department requisitions the factory for a hundred thousand packages of phonograph needles, for which they are charged list price less 25 per cent. If they sell these needles at list, they make 25 per cent gross profit. But it's the *net* profit that counts—and when you consider that it costs the Accessories Department 27½ per cent to do business, you can see where the net profit goes—there isn't any! The Accessories Department loses 2½ per cent on this transaction alone!"

"I thought you said the Accessories Department was making money!"

"It is. The trouble is that your Accounting Department has such a crazy system that it doesn't show the true condition of the business. Your books show an apparent *net loss* of $21\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the Accessories Department, just so that the factory can show an *apparent profit* of the difference between their manufacturing costs and what they charge Davis. Any bookkeeper can tell you that the Accessories Department ought to get those needles at cost!"

"You're crazy, I tell you! That's not good business!"

"If it's not, what's the use of having an Accessories Department to sell your goods? Why not just make your needles and keep them in your stock room? Then your books will show a nice profit, and you won't have to sell anything. Good business? In this par-



Dismissed His Taxi Without Waiting for Change

ticular case, good business, horse sense, and accounting principles go hand in hand—even you ought to see that. Don't you realize that a profit can be made only on a sale—*never* on a purchase? That the sale's end of an organization should always take the profits, and the purchasing end—your factory in this case—should do nothing but the manufacturing?"⑨

"Now look here—"

"Wait a minute. I'm not thru. I could give you a list a mile long of just such inconsistencies. Davis doesn't know what he is charged in indirect salaries; I find that he's soaked about two-and-a-half times as much as anyone else—God knows why! The Accounting Department, the Collection Department, the Mailing Department, the Shipping Department, the Supply Department—every department in the organization charges the Accessories Department for Service!"

Timothy Tealeaf was by now striding up and down the office, leaving long streamers of cigar smoke. He was thoroly aroused.

"You've cut yourself off from everyone; no one dares come near you with a suggestion. If you had enough decency to be human to those under you, you wouldn't have to pay me to find out these things. I've enjoyed working here—it does me good once in a while, when the old inferiority complex comes back to get into a place like this and get in touch with men like you. It makes me feel that perhaps I'm not so terrible after all. Good-by, you old tiger!"

The door slammed. The "old tiger" sank back in his chair.

Early next morning Timothy Tealeaf, roused out of a sound sleep by the excited ringing of the phone, wrapped his bathrobe about him like a winding sheet and drowsily took the receiver off the hook.

"Tealeaf talking."

"Mr. Tealeaf, this is Davis of Earoff. Did you hear about Mr. Knott?"

"No—what do you mean?"

"He was stricken with apoplexy a little while after you left—we found him that way in his chair. I've been with him all night—the doctor says that he probably won't live, and if he does he'll never recover his health. He's conscious now and wants to see you; can you come right up? Post Graduate Hospital; yes sir!"

Less than half an hour later Timothy Tealeaf, haggard with anxiety, dismissed his taxi without waiting for change and ran up the steps of the Post Graduate Hospital. A moment's wait, and he was shown into a silent, darkened room where a doctor and a white-robed nurse nodded and withdrew to a far corner.

Timothy Tealeaf bent over the bed, looking down into the still, strangely drawn face. A pitiful caricature of the ferocious grin answered him from the pillow. A whisper came to him.

"Hello, Tealeaf. Don't feel badly—it wasn't your fault. I let my temper get the best of me once too often, and it—it served me right. I can't talk much, so listen to me. I'm going to die; they—tell me I've a chance, but—I know better. I just made a codicil to my will—it concerns you very directly. I—want you to promise me, a dying man, that you will—will abide by its conditions, and carry out its provisions to the letter. Promise me that—you will—do—this."

The gimlet eyes, dulled as they were with approaching death, still bored into Timothy Tealeaf's as he brokenly gave his promise; the light faded and went out as the doctor and nurse rushed forward in sudden alarm—too late.

The lawyer's voice rose and fell in the monotonous cadences of legal verbiage as he read aloud to the assembled beneficiaries, the last will and testament of Meltus Knott.

"....do hereby declare this to be a codicil to the same. I hereby ratify and confirm said will in every respect, save so far as any part of it is inconsistent with this codicil.

"All my bequests to charity and to the Museum of Natural History, mentioned in my last will and testament, are conditional upon the following:

1. That the Board of Directors of the Earoff Talking Machine Company confirm, immediately, the election of Timothy Tealeaf, as President, in my place, for at least one year.
2. That as President of the Earoff Talking Machine Company, he carry out the policies and practices, both personal and general, as outlined to me this twelfth day of May, 1924.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twelfth day of May...."

The lawyer's voice droned on. Timothy Tealeaf, a lump in his throat and eyes smarting with unaccustomed tears, walked blindly from the room.

For the benefit of those who wish to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 5 of Timothy Tealeaf, the following references will be found useful:

① *Business Psychology*, by Hugo Münsterberg; Chapter 9. ② *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Chapter 3. ③ *Same*; Part 2. ④ *Office Organization and Management*, by Parsons; Chapters 6 and 11.

⑤ *Accountants' Handbook*, page 611; *Reference Book of Accounts*, page 181. ⑥ *Auditing Procedure*, by Castenholz; pages 46, 172, 187. ⑦ *Same*; page 169. ⑧ *Cost Accounting Procedure*, by Castenholz; Chapter 17; *Reference Book of Accounts*, pages 248-9. ⑨ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 1. ⑩ *Cost Accounting Procedure*, by Castenholz; Chapter 17.

EPISODE SIX

How to Cure a Nervous Breakdown

THE United Fruit Liner *Zuccop* steamed lazily thru the tropical blue of the Gulf Stream, her hull gleaming white in the summer sun. Excepting a few raucous gulls picking refuse from her wake, and a flurry of flying fish skipping along the wave tops, she was the only living thing on all that broad expanse of sea.

Aboard, there was the half-idling activity common to shipboard life immediately after the noonday meal. Four bells—two o'clock by the landsman's time—had just sounded, and those who had been promenading in pairs or groups took up their bridge, poker, shuffleboard, or books, and prepared for the dreamy luxury of the afternoon. Those who had spent the hour after luncheon in their staterooms, enjoying the siesta superinduced by the approach to a Latin-American climate, came and took possession of their deck chairs. Among the latter was Timothy Tealeaf.

The Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—was thin and careworn. Deep lines creased his brow, and his eyes were hollow and unnaturally bright. Bundled up in a steamer rug, he looked like a very sick man, and in fact that is exactly what he was. Black melancholy had descended upon him—forewarning of a serious nervous breakdown, the specialists had said—and an immediate trip to green fields and pastures new had been advised. So here he was, idle for the first time in his life, and, in consequence,



Pardon Me, My Dear Sir, But Your Rug Is Disarranged

feeling like a fish out of water. His ever-alert mind, suddenly released from constant grappling with other people's problems, resembled an engine which had thrown its governor. Rather activity and an early end, thought Timothy Tealeaf, gazing dreamily at the puffball clouds that dotted the blue-like bursts of shrapnel smoke, than health and this confounded life of ease!

His musing was interrupted by a precise voice at his side, which delivered its syllables with the careful enunciation of the well-educated Oriental.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but your rug is disarranged. May I assist you?"

Timothy Tealeaf turned to gaze into the oblique eyes of a gentleman unmistakably Japanese, who without more ado reached out and tucked in the free end of the rug. Having performed this office to his own satisfaction, and incidentally to Timothy Tealeaf's,

his expressionless face registered a cheerful and expansive grin, and he bowed.

"Thank you very much indeed," said Timothy Tealeaf. "That was thoughtful of you."

"Not at all, sir. I observed that you are ill, and unable to go about such things for yourself."

"Great Scott, do I look as badly as that?"

"It is not your appearance, sir—it is your face that tells. You have a look of discontent, which I have often observed on the faces of those confined in hospitals and unable to indulge in their accustomed activity."

"There you've hit it. I'm absolutely unused to idleness, and it's killing me faster than that from which the doctors are trying to save me."

"And may I inquire what that is?"

"A nervous breakdown. A month or so ago I was suddenly taken with fits of the most hideous depression I ever imagined was possible. I am a great believer in the power of mind over matter when it comes to mental trouble; but it kept getting worse and worse. A specialist to whom I finally went told me that it was the precursor of a serious nervous breakdown, and that the only possible preventive was a complete rest. I had so many things pending that I simply couldn't wind them all up, and they are worrying me more than if I had stayed and finished them."

"I can sympathize with you, sir," said the Japanese. "I love work, too, and with my temperament I am able to absorb a great deal. I don't know what I should do if it were suddenly taken away from me. I should die."

"May I ask what business you are engaged in?"

"I am credit manager^① for the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company, one of the largest importing houses in the United States."^②

"I have heard of your firm. You must do a tremendous business."

"It would seem so on the surface, but we have our troubles from time to time. I should like to tell you about them—perhaps my doing so may help you to forget your own for a while."

Timothy Tealeaf felt himself warming to this little Oriental, who used better English^③ than most Americans, and whose manners rivaled those of many business men he knew.

"Perhaps," he said, "I had better introduce myself. My name is Timothy Tealeaf."

"Ah! And may I make myself known to you? I am Wun On Yu, the credit manager, as I mentioned before, of the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company. And what is your interest in the business world, Mr. Tealeaf?"

"I am what is known as a 'Business Investigator.' I am to business what Sherlock Holmes was to private individuals. Business men come to me and tell me their business troubles; I investigate the condition that is troublesome, and suggest a remedy. I am happy to say that I have had some success and have worked up a considerable practice, which is responsible for my present illness. It grew so that I was unable to take care of it all, and worked myself sick trying!"

"That, sir, is very interesting—especially since I am in great need of expert advice myself. Knowing your present condition, I would not venture to suggest that you take over my case. However, have I your permission to tell you the little troubles I men-

tioned! I beg that you will tell me frankly if you think that it will retard your recovery."

"On the contrary, I am convinced that it will speed it up considerably," laughed Timothy Tealeaf. "Tell me all about it!"

"It can be told in a very few words, sir. When the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company began business a number of years ago, they, of necessity, made their credit-granting⁽⁴⁾ policy very liberal. The city's richest and most prominent people opened accounts, decorating whole suites of rooms in their Fifth Avenue mansions after the Japanese manner. The *flaire* for Japanese vases and other ware spread rapidly and became a craze, and as the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company was the only firm of Japanese importers in the East at the time, we got all the trade.

Timothy Tealeaf gave a long sigh of contentment, and settled back in his chair. He did not understand rest—but he understood work. It was his element, and now that he was talking business, he felt at home again.

"As the craze for Japanese things spread further and further over the United States, we became less and less dependent on the trade of the wealthy class of people who had really given us our start. We advertised⁽⁵⁾—orders came in by the carload from all over the country. Dealers commenced carrying our goods, and as most of the mail order business was cash or installmenst,⁽⁶⁾ all my time was taken up in establishing the credit of these dealers."

"Fine!" said Timothy Tealeaf. "And then what?"

"Then came the greatest disaster in my country's history—the terrible earthquake and fire. One day Japan lay happy under the sky with the cherry blossoms raining down their petals; the next, she lay stunned and bleeding under heaps of ashes. The

Wats Ito Yu Importing Company's resources were almost completely wiped out. Our factories and warehouses were suddenly a pile of ruins. Most of our skilled workmen, who had been with us for many years, together with some of the best artists in the Empire, were killed or maimed. The banks which held our money were burned or robbed. Our only assets now are the contents of our New York warehouse, and the small stock of goods that were on the way to us; we have bad and outlawed debts mounting into the millions, but we can't turn them into cash."

"Is the firm solvent now?"

"Yes, but no more than that. We have no working capital."

"Why not borrow?"⁽⁷⁾

"It is impossible. What we need money for is to re-establish our warehouses and factories in Japan, and that is a matter of millions. Our property in the United States is not worth enough to enable us to take out a mortgage on it. No one will underwrite a



All Was Happy in the Land of Cherry Blossoms

bond issue,⑧ and I fear it could not be sold anyway—there are too many good buys in the market. I am on my way now to Cuba to interest private capital, and if I fail—”

The little Oriental's face showed emotion for the first time. He looked almost haggard as he gazed out to where the sky and ocean met.

“If you fail,” said Timothy Tealeaf softly, “the firm of Wats Ito Yu fails also.”

Mr. Yu surveying the deep with an expression as near to discouragement as the Nipponese face is permitted to assume, nodded silently.

“Personally,” said he, “I am not very sanguine of success in Cuba, or anywhere in America. The recent Japanese Exclusion Act discussion has engendered great ill feeling toward the Japanese, and I feel that there are many American business men who would be glad to see a Japanese house go under.”

“Well, at any rate let me know how you come out in Cuba. If by any chance you fail, I may be able to help you further.” And, with a smile and a nod, Timothy Tealeaf rose, wrapped his steamer rug about him, and stalked down the deck.

* * * *

A week went by. The *Zuccop* had steamed majestically past Morro Castle, deposited a corporal's guard of business men and a regiment of thirsty Americans, and proceeded to Cristobal—and in all that time Timothy Tealeaf had seen nothing of Mr. Wun On Yu.

But this afternoon, as he sat on his balcony adjoining his room at the Sevilla-Biltmore and watched the shining white town under the afternoon sun, a boy announced Mr. Yu, and a moment later the little Japanese appeared, in a suit of spotless white linen,

bowing and smiling. Timothy Tealeaf greeted him like a long-lost brother.

"Well, well, well! Sit down! Glad to see you! How did you make out?"

As soon as he had asked the question, the Business Investigator knew the answer.

"I have to report failure, sir. I am utterly undone. I have resorted to pleading, begging, cajoling. I have humbled myself and my pride. And the result is—nothing. I am at my wits' end."

"Don't lose hope," said Timothy Tealeaf. "I may be able to do something. I've been thinking over the matter during this past week—heaven knows, I haven't had anything else to do—and making a little investigation on my own hook. Here is a paper," he drew a document from his pocket, "here is a paper which authorizes me to act as your financial representative for a period of one year, and empowers me to work independently as I see fit in certain matters. If you will sign it I will return to New York immediately."

Mr. Yu took the paper and read it thru carefully; then, without an instant's indecision, he uncapped his fountain pen and affixed his signature.

"Thank you," said the Business Investigator as he took the paper. "I will take the next boat back to New York and start work without delay. I don't know when I can promise results, but if the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company can hold out a few months longer I will have something definite."

It was plain that the Japanese was so preoccupied with his own failure to help his company that he could not see even a hint of silver lining to the cloud. But his eyes lighted up with gratitude, and he grasped Timothy Tealeaf's hand.

"I must stay down here for several weeks on other business, so I cannot accompany you. I shall wire the house and tell them to see that you have every co-operation that we can give you. But I beg that if you feel that your exertion in our behalf will cause a relapse, you will not go on with it. If your recovery is affected, I shall never feel at peace."

"My recovery will be affected, all right, but in a different way from what you mean! Man alive, don't you realize that I've been dying on my feet for want of something to do, and now that I've got it I don't care what becomes of me?"

* * * *

A little group of Orientals gathered in the musty office of I Se Yu, President of the Wats Ito You Importing Company. Beside the President himself, there were Wun On Yu, our friend of Havana; Kwei Tso, Vice President; and diminutive Sans Lung, the Manager. Their usually impassive faces registered deep concern.

"My brothers," said the President, "it seems that we are unable to go further. All of the goods we had on hand at the time of the disaster have been sold, and we cannot obtain any more. If we had money, we might go into the open market, and buy goods in Japan for resale in America—but there is no money. We are undone!"

Mr. Wun On Yu spoke. "What of Mr. Tealeaf? Has nothing been heard of him?"

"No—nothing. He was here for several weeks just after his return from Cuba, but there is no report of him. I fear that we cannot depend on him for any help."

As if in answer to his words, the door opened and Timothy Tealeaf entered. The officers of the Wats



Their Usually Impassive Faces Registered Deep Concern

Ito Yu Importing Company said nothing; their masklike faces showed no expression, but in each pair of Oriental eyes there was a steely glint.

Timothy Tealeaf met their glances, one after the other; then he stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have to report the success of my plan. Here is money with which to rebuild your lost factories!" And he laid on the table a slip of blue paper.

Wun On Yu took it, unbelieving, and read the figures; then his face took on the look of dried-out parchment.

"Nine hundred twenty-seven thousand dollars and three cents!" he gasped. "Sir, is this ours?"

"It is yours, and there is more coming."

"From whom did you borrow it, and on what terms?"

"It was not borrowed—it was collected."

"Collected? How?"

"It was a simple matter. When Mr. Wun On Yu mentioned to me that you had a tremendous accumulation of bad debts, it occurred to me that some of them *might* be collectible. On going over them, I found that most of them had been outlawed by the Statute of Limitations,⁽⁹⁾ which says that after a certain lapse of time a debt may not be paid—that the debtor is no longer responsible. Most people do not realize, however, that if, after the lapse of time, the debtor can be made to acknowledge that he owes the money and intends to pay it eventually, the debt is revived, and again becomes collectible.

"My first act, therefore, was to revive as many of these debts as I could. This was not so difficult as it sounds; a vigorous direct-by-mail campaign, followed by personal solicitation by a corps of clever and especially trained *salesmen*—*not* collection agents—gave me a good live list of collectible debts totaling over a million dollars!

"The way we went about it was this: If an old dowager on upper Fifth Avenue owed a bill of three thousand dollars, which had been outlawed by the Statute of Limitations, we wrote her a letter something like this:

"Dear Madam:

"Our records show that you have owed the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company seven thousand dollars, for some years. Unless you make some sort of an adjustment of this account, we shall be forced to take drastic action."

"Don't you mean three thousand dollars?"

"No—that's just the point! She would write back somewhat as follows:

“ ‘Gentlemen :

“ ‘I do not owe you any such amount as seven thousand dollars. I owe you only three thousand dollars.’

“You see, if we had sued this woman for our money, her attorney would have shown that the debt was outlawed by the Statute of Limitations. But with her letter showing an intention to pay eventually, we could force immediate payment because the debt had again become collectible.”

The Japanese were by this time roused to the highest pitch of excitement.

“But this procedure did not always work, surely ?” said Kwei Tso.

“No—it was just the first gun of the campaign. If it failed, the salesman called with a straightforward story of the earthquake and how it had affected the Wats Ito Yu Importing Company ; this usually got some sort of a payment on account, even if the debt was outlawed under the Statute of Limitations. This payment revived the debt, as it also acknowledged the debt and showed an intention to pay. By the time the tumult and the shouting had died, it only remained for me to get hold of the best lawyers in the city and bring suit against the debtors—and in most cases we got judgments which included not only the total amount of indebtedness, but accumulated interest as well ! This check is the first result, and by the time we’ve got it all you’ll have over a million dollars with which to rebuild your factories !”

I Se Yu stood up. His face was impassive as usual, but he seemed to be having trouble with his voice, and a tear which he did not brush away coursed down his cheek.

"You have done something which we shall never forget, Mr. Tealeaf, and I shall see that you receive tangible evidence to that effect. I understand that your usual fee is one thousand dollars. Your services to us, however, are worth a great deal more, and I wish you to accept 10 per cent of this check as your commission."

"I couldn't think of it," said Timothy Tealeaf. "It has been a pleasure to work on such an unusual case. Whatever commission you think it due me, I want to present to you in the name of American Business, as an expression of sympathy for you in your recent misfortune." And Timothy Tealeaf was gone.

The Business Investigator had done it again!

The sequel to this little tale occurred some weeks later, when Timothy Tealeaf, coming to the office one morning, found awaiting him a smiling son of Nippon, who presented him with a portfolio containing a collection of rare Japanese prints which later became the envy of every collector in the country. Inside the portfolio was inscribed the following:

"To Timothy Tealeaf, American Gentleman, from those who will always remember him as one who placed unselfishness before worldly gain."

For the benefit of those who wish to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 6, the following references will be found helpful:

① *Credits and Collections*, by Skinner, White and Kramer; Part 1, Chapter 2. ② *Ocean Traffic and Trade*, by Hough; Chapter 8. ③ *Business English*, by Lewis; Chapter 9. *Essentials of Business English*, by MacClintock. ④ *Credits and*

Collections, by Skinner, White and Kramer; Part 1, Chapter 3. ⑤ *Advertising*, by Kastor; Chapters 2 and 10. ⑥ *Credits and Collections*, by Skinner, White and Kramer; Part 3. ⑦ *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapter 10. ⑧ *Same*; Chapter 6. *Business Economics*, by Bogart. ⑨ *American Law and Procedure*; Volume 1, page 56. ⑩ *Personal Efficiency and Selling*; Part 2. *Traffic Field*, by Riley.

EPISODE SEVEN

Bullitts Shoots on Gush Oil

THE Metropolitan Tower, the old St. Paul's belfry, and a hundred whistles and sirens over on the Jersey side, proclaimed the arrival of five o'clock. Up and down the length and breadth of Manhattan, monstrous office buildings, as huge and permanent as the walls of some forgotten civilization, disgorged their hordes of workers—shambling clerks in form-fitting suits, lighting their twenty-sixth cigarette; hurrying, sleek little girls from the shops; blonde stenographers from the inner offices of big business.

Timothy Tealeat, as he allowed himself to be drawn along with the throng converging toward the Liberty Street Ferry, wished to himself that he were one of them again, with the world before him and everything to accomplish! Success in business, he argued, did not necessarily bring happiness. True, it brought contentment of a sort, but of the sort which is born of complacency and self-satisfaction, rather than that which comes with knowledge of a work well done. Success was bittersweet, he mused, without the prospect of further success ahead. And he was reminded of the story he had heard that day, of the president of a large corporation, who, having been voted a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year by the board of directors, said to the chairman after the meeting, "Well, I have at last attained my life's ambition—a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year." He was let out within six months by that same board of direc-

tors, because he had reached his goal, because he was satisfied to go no further.

By this time the Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—had boarded the blunt-nosed, double-ended Jersey Central Ferry, which had left its slip and was now making its unhurried way toward the Jersey shore, where the uneven skyline of docks, factory stacks, and train sheds was silhouetted in jet against the molten gold of the sunset. He had reached the upper deck, and was pacing around its aftercurve, totally lost in thought, when suddenly he was brought sharply back to material things by one of the passengers, a man who hesitated, glanced furtively about him, and then with his eyes tight shut scrambled over the low rail and with a sob of despair jumped far out into the ferry's wake.

Timothy Tealeaf was a man of action, but his acts of late years had been based on mature calculation and farsighted planning. It was unlike him to do anything impulsive, even in an emergency, so he was as much surprised as the excited commuters who lined the rail to find himself, coatless, shoeless, and in the water, striking out for the sinking man with the suction of the screws tugging at his legs.

The lumbering ferry came about with the bovine grace of a cow in a pasture maneuvering for the gate; the Scandinavian deckhands fumbled at the falls of a lifeboat with an intelligence equally bovine. A sea-going tug, arriving in the nick of time, found Timothy Tealeaf utterly exhausted from the underwater struggle with a man determined to die, and took them both, rescuer and rescued, into its warm engine room.

After what seemed hours of the agony attendant upon returning circulation, Timothy Tealeaf propped himself up on one elbow where he lay on the engine-room grating, and gazed down at the pale face of the

man he had saved. He saw a rather good-looking youth of unmistakably good breeding, whose clothes, tho water-soaked and shapeless, showed signs of expert cutting and expensive workmanship. His curly black hair would not stay plastered on his forehead, but lay rumpled, as tho its owner were asleep. A vivid spot of color stained each cheek; even now, as Timothy Tealeaf looked, the eyelids fluttered open and a pair of brown eyes stared vacantly at the overhead for a moment. Comprehension dawned with returning reason, and, realizing that he was not dead, the boy rolled over and gave way to heartbroken sobbing.

Kindly, sunburned men appeared with warm blankets and hot things to drink; and the youth forgot his trouble in a recovered interest in earthly things. After a while, clad in borrowed dungarees, he and Timothy Tealeaf weakly paced the small quarter-deck together.

"Well?" said Timothy Tealeaf finally.

"Well what?"

"Why did you do it?"

"I didn't. I fell; I didn't jump." But his eyes dropped as he spoke.

"Nonsense!" Timothy Tealeaf placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Tell me about it, son. It can't be as terrible as all that. What's the trouble?"

"I—I——" the brown eyes filled with tears. "I lost all my money."

"Lost all your money! And just for that you wanted to lose your life, too!"

"I know; I was a fool. But you don't know all the circumstances."

"I will know them—if you'll tell them to me."

"I'll tell you. I don't know why I should, except that you saved my life. I'm no end grateful for that, altho I wish you had let it happen."

"Well, we'll forget about that for the present. Get it off your chest. What's your name? Mine is Timothy Tealeaf."

"Mine is Fred Bullitts. I got out of college a year ago, and lost no time in getting a job and getting married. My job wasn't much; paper salesman^① with part of downtown New York, salary and commission.^② I made about two hundred and twenty-five a month out of it. But my wife and I had a little money, which we pooled together, and put into some bonds^③ that gave us a little more."

"How much was that? None of my business, of course, except that I have a feeling that it has something to do with what you're going to tell me."

"It has. There was about four thousand dollars, and I lost it all."

"I can't see that that's an occasion for suicide."

"I didn't tell Mabel about it—did it on my own hook—and I'm afraid to tell her; I don't know what in the world she'll say. We've always done everything together, and when she finds out that I did something like this without telling her about it, she'll die!"

"No, she won't. But tell me—how did you lose it?"

"Oil stock."

Timothy Tealeaf grunted with disgust. "How in the name of all that's wonderful did that happen?"

"Oh, it sounds so funny and impossible the way I tell it! I got a lot of mysterious^④ tips on the market, and they all turned out to be right. The last tip was on Gush Oil, and, as the other tips had all been good, I was worked up to the point where I would buy any-

thing. I bought all the Gush Oil I could. It paid one dividend⑤; then the bottom dropped out of it and all our money went blooey!"

Timothy Tealeaf gave vent to a soft whistle of astonishment. "Well, I'll be hanged! That game is as old as the hills! Have you got the letters they sent you?"

"Yes. What do you want with them? And did you say game? There was no game about this, I tell you! The tips were all O.K., except the last one. I just picked the wrong one to play."

"That's what *you* think! I'll bet you a nice little dinner, for you and your wife and me that I'll prove to you that it's a game that's been worked time and time again; and I'll also lay a little wager that I'll get your money back for you!"

"Get my money back? Mr. Tealeaf, if you can do that I'll—I'll—well, I'd do anything if you could get that money!"

"I can almost promise it. Well, here we are at the pier, and I suppose they want us to get off and walk! Here are our clothes—let's take a taxi. Oh, I see! Here's my card; send me those letters and your address, and we'll see what we can do."

* * * *

The offices of the Goldstein & Silberschmidt Investment Corporation were on the eighteenth floor of the Overhang Building. The term, "Offices" is literally correct, because there were two of them—an outer and an inner. The inner one contained, not the vaults and safes and glass partitions of the typical bond house, but a battery of multigraphs, run day and night by smutty boys in bedticking aprons.

In the outer office, with its mahogany rail, leather chairs, and shiny new desks, sat Messrs. Goldstein and

Silberschmidt, opening mail. Their paper cutters flashed in the sunlight that streamed thru the open window; the inclosures, piled high, revealed checks, money orders, cash, Liberty bonds—in hundreds and thousands of dollars.

The partners grunted with piggish grunts of animal greed. Their beady eyes shone on this collected wealth; porkish sweat stood out on their fat foreheads; their pudgy hands were moist at the sight of the still unopened mail with its unknown burden of riches.

Suddenly—so suddenly that it seemed to have happened instantaneously—the door opened and shut, and Timothy Tealeaf stood before them. His glance was cold and level, his face stern. For a moment he eyed the pair, utter contempt in his every feature; then he walked slowly forward and stood with his hands on the railing.

Messrs. Goldstein and Silberschmidt, recovering from a momentary attack of paralysis, recovered also their well-developed powers of speech.

“Who ah you? You want someding?”

“Never mind who I am. Yes, I want something. I want you to pick four thousand dollars out of that pile of graft and give it here! Hurry up, you dirty, lowdown, rotten bums!” And Timothy Tealeaf, now in a cold fury, drew a small Colt automatic from the pocket of his coat and raised it. “I’ll give you three. One—two——”

“Vait! All right!” And the partners set about a wild search thru the opened mail, scattering papers in all directions. When they had finished, a pile of bills lay before them.

“Count it!” demanded Timothy Tealeaf.



“Count It,” Demanded Timothy Tealeaf

The partners counted. “Twenty-seven hundred and two dollars is all!”

“Make out a check for the balance, and if you stop payment on it I’ll send you up the river! Now listen to me. I know you birds. And I know exactly what you’ve been up to. Take every cent that you’ve collected, and send it back—wait a minute!—send it all back where you got it from, or I’ll get you both twenty years in the pen. I’ll give you a week to do it, and another week to get out of town and stay out. Don’t think you can get away; the Secret Service will be on your heels day and night until this is all cleaned

up. Do what I say, or take the consequences!" And the Business Investigator was gone.

That evening Timothy Tealeaf, a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bullitts, sat at a corner table in a small French restaurant. Mrs. Bullitts, whose yellow hair and cornflower eyes under her smart little hat were among the yellowest and bluest that the Business Investigator had ever seen, was more than fascinating, and one would never have suspected that a near-tragedy had recently affected this happy trio.

"Let me show you how those crooks worked," said Timothy Tealeaf. "They bought a sucker list of five hundred thousand names. Then they bought a lot of stock⑥ in defunct oil companies at auction—probably they got several million shares at a fraction of a cent a hundred. With that as working material, they started in to make a million dollars."

"A million! How?"

"Well, the first thing they did was address an envelope to each name on the list. They then multigraphed a letter, 250,000 of which read something like this: 'Dear Sir, If you think there is no such thing as a surefire tip, watch Crucible Steel to-morrow. We tell you that it will go UP!' The other 250,000 read 'Crucible Steel will go DOWN!' They dumped these letters in the mail, properly timed for various localities.

"All right; a week later they send out another letter to the 250,000 names who got the right prediction on Crucible Steel. To 125,000 of these they say, 'Watch Mexican Petroleum. It will go UP!' To the other 125,000 they said, 'Mexican Petroleum will go DOWN!' A week later they again cut their list in half, and to the half who had the right prediction on Mexican Petroleum they wrote a letter like this: 'Dear Sir, Your name has been selected from among the many thousands on our lists'—no lie there!—'be-

cause you are a substantial citizen who never takes a chance; who invests his money wisely and well in good sound securities that will bear thoro investigation. You are the type of man we want interested in this golden opportunity to get in on the ground floor of the Gush Oil Company, the greatest organization of its kind in the world—' blah, blah, blah!

"Now, Bullitts, just analyze your reactions to this series of letters. You may have saved the first letter or thrown it away, but the chances are you took a sly peek at Crucible Steel the next day. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Bullitts, sheepishly.

"It sort of got you interested, didn't it? And the next week when you got the Mex Pete letter you were all excited! Here was a bird in the street who could call them right! And then when you got letter Number Three about this wonderful, marvelous, never-again oil proposition, your imagination simply ran away with you. Oil! Flowing gold! Millions made in it overnight! How about that fellow who found it in his garage floor? And here's a guy who says Gush Oil is good for two hundred points in a week! And before you knew it you'd drawn all your money out of the bank, sold your perfectly good bonds, and sunk it all in something you'd never heard of before without even telling your wife about it. What kind of stuff is that?"

Bullitts hung his head, and built a little pyramid of breadcrumbs on the tablecloth. His wife reached for his hand, tears in her eyes.

"Here are your four thousand dollars," said Timothy Tealeaf. "Spend it all in one place—the bank; and spend it for the bonds you sold to get it."

"Mr. Tealeaf," said Bullitts, "how did you know what these two crooks were up to? And how did you bluff them so easily?"



Timothy Dines With the Bullitts

A soft smile played over the Business Investigator's face, and his eyes took on a far-away look.

"Twenty years ago I bought two hundred shares in the African Mining Syndicate, as a result of just such solicitation as you received. It all sounded so familiar that I thought it might be the same two precious old devils."

"Were you right?"

"No, but I was nearly right!"

"What do you mean?"

"It was their sons!"

For the benefit of those who wish to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 7, the following references will be found helpful:

① *Personal Efficiency and Selling*, by Allen; Part 1. ② *Same*; Part 2, Chapter 4.

③ *Investment and Speculation*, by Guenther; Chapters 7 to 12, and *Financing a Business*, by Regan; Chapter 6. ④ *Investment and Speculation*, by Guenther; Chapter 28. ⑤ *Same*; Chapters 13 and 28. ⑥ *Same*; Chapter 27.

EPISODE EIGHT

Dollars for Nichols

TIMOTHY TEALEAF had one quality which above all others distinguished him from the ordinary run of business men—a love of good music which amounted to a passion. It was no uncommon thing to see him in evening dress, dining in the grill of the Cosmopolitan Club or lounging in one of its deep leather chairs, preparatory to attending the opera.

On this particular evening, however, he wore a business suit. A singular impulse had led him to purchase two tickets in the second balcony, where he now sat beside his young friend, Douglas Nichols, among swarthy erstwhile-denizens of Sunny Italy, the world's greatest lovers of grand opera. A new thrill possessed the two—they seemed swayed by the same emotions that the music called forth in the breasts of the Italians. They joined in the cries of approbation and the storms of handclapping; they hung over the iron railing in hushed, spine-tingling awe at the old familiar passages; and at the end of the first act went out for a touch of fresh air and a cigarette.

"I was just thinking," said Douglas Nichols, "how much lost motion there is in some jobs."

"Were you thinking of Jeritza and all her gestures?"

"Not particularly. I was thinking how many men have jobs with a lot of detail which, tho incidental to the main function, nevertheless has to be attended

to in order that the main function may be discharged. There's many a good man who would be a better man if he could get things done!"

"The only way to get things done," said Timothy Tealeaf, "is to get them done."

"Thanks—very much!"

"It's true, tho it sounds foolish. The really big men—the fellows who draw down movie-star salaries—stand out from the crowd because of their ability to get things done."

"It's easy enough to get things done when you've got a tremendous organization back of you. Put one of those big men where he would have to fight for everything, and he wouldn't last long—he'd be beaten in no time."

"On the contrary, it's been my experience that the big man rises above any temporary setback. Instead of getting the it-can't-be-done complex and lying down, he comes right back full of fight and gets around the difficulty somehow.

"Let me tell you," went on Timothy Tealeaf, "about a friend of mine. His name is Jones, and he was a lieutenant in the navy at the outbreak of the War, commanding the *John Smith*, a little tin bucket of a destroyer that drew about four hundred tons and was so unseaworthy that the Navy Department had condemned her for anything but harbor duty. When the United States entered the War, and Jones saw all his old classmates go overseas in command of nice new destroyers while he knocked around San Francisco Bay in his little old boat, he got mad. He determined to get overseas somehow; he thought about it by day and dreamed about it at night. So he got the poor old *John Smith* patched up, stole from the Navy Yard the supplies he couldn't requisition for, took on a deckload of coal, and made the

trip of something like nine thousand miles around thru the Panama Canal, up to Halifax, and overseas to Brest, France. And believe it or not, the *John Smith* had the best record of any of them! That's true, every word of it. The point is that Jones knew how to cut red tape."

"I suppose he married and lived happily ever after, didn't he?"

"Don't get facetious, young man! After the opera we can go somewhere for a bite to eat, and you can tell me what you're leading up to!"

Several hours later saw the two, slowly recovering from the spell of the wonderful music, seated in a small French restaurant.

"I'll tell you," said Douglas Nichols, "this new job of mine with the Unbreakable Steel Corporation has got me worried."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I can't get anywhere. You see, they started making slag bricks as a by-product not long ago, and they got me in there to create a demand for them. They talked very big when I first started, but when it came right down to cold, hard co-operation, that was a horse of a different color."

"Well?"

"There's the O.K.'ing of advertisements, for instance. I understood that I was to O.K. them myself, but such is not the case! A proof comes in from a magazine for correction. The general advertising manager has to get a slant at it. After he's held it a couple of days, he puts it in his out-basket and the general sales manager gets it. By the time they've got thru juggling it from one to the other like a bunch of Swiss bell ringers, we've passed the closing date of the magazine, and the issue has gone to press.

If there were any corrections to be made, we're out of luck."

"Well?"

"Then there's the question of ordering material. I've got lists I circularize all the time—dealers, architects, builders, boards, contractors—and naturally enough I have to have literature to send them. But it takes an act of Congress to get anything printed. They have a system of purchasing that's the most elaborate you ever saw, and everything has to be O.K.'ed by two or three departments before it can be printed. The result is that a rush job is out of the question—I have to order circulars six weeks in advance to get them on time!"

"Well?"

"Don't stand there and say 'well,' confound it!" laughed Nichols. "Show a little sympathy, can't you?"

"Be more specific. All I've heard you say so far is 'can't'!"

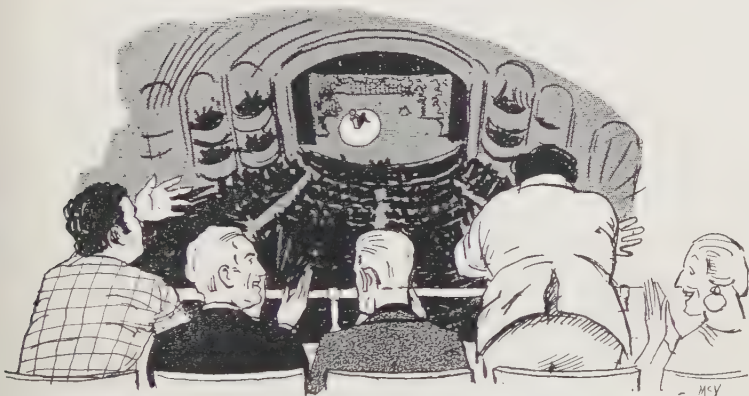
"Gee, I can't tell you all the little things that go wrong!"

"No more can I tell you what to do. You seem to want me to direct your every move. I'm certainly sorry for you—with things such as you describe going on; the only thing to do is give up the job, unless, of course, you decide to fight instead of standing around wringing your hands."

"Can't you give me a few hints, Mr. Tealeaf? Or better still, come down to the office and look around. Perhaps you can point out some things that I ought to do."

"All right, Douglas, perhaps I can. Now let's go home and sleep on it!"

But the next day, instead of going to the office of Douglas Nichols, Timothy Tealeaf, on his arrival at



**They Joined in the Cries of Approbation and the Storm
of Hand-clapping**

the general office of the Unbreakable Steel Corporation, made his way to the glass-inclosed partitions that housed the spacious form of Nelson McGrew, the general sales manager. That official sat on rather than in his chair; he simply overflowed its arms and its reinforced seat. His coat was off, his hair was rumpled, and he perspired freely as he dictated with surprising freedom and rapidity to an impassive dictating machine. When he saw Timothy Tealeaf, he stopped in mid-sentence, and held out a hand as round and fat as a good-sized ham.

"Well, my old friend Tealeaf! How goes the battle?"

"Hello, Mac. Can I talk to you for about two minutes?"

"Sure! Sit down and take off your coat and vest."

"I'd like to get some dope on young Douglas Nichols," said Timothy Tealeaf, accepting both sugges-

tions. "He's a friend of mine, and I think he's a comer. How is he getting along?"

"Let me see," said McGrew, squinting one little twinkling eye until it disappeared entirely among the folds of flesh that composed his face. "Oh, yes, the kid in the slag brick. Why, he's all right, I guess. Needs a lot of watching."

"How do you mean?"

"Sort of hard to point to anything in particular, but he's kinda careless. Let's little things go by. We all have to check on him."

"That's interesting. Tell me more about it."

"Well, for instance, he printed a booklet on slag brick for the use of dealers. Good stuff in it—well gotten up. But I just happened to be glancing over the final proof before it went to press, and there was a mistake in our street address that he'd missed when he read the proof. If I hadn't happened to catch it, he would have printed up about three hundred thousand booklets with our address wrong. Another bright thing he did was run some copy featuring fireplaces in June, July, and August issues of magazines, when it was so hot that even thinking of a fireplace brought on heat prostration! The kid's all right, but he's a little bit dizzy!"

"Does he show any signs of occasional level-headedness?"

"Once in a while; I guess he's just like all young fellows when they get their first important job—they're as impulsive as girls! They want everything done right away—everything is in a rush!"

"Thanks very much, Mac. Nichols told me last night that he couldn't get anything done here—that he was being held back by too much red tape and system, and that no one would help him. You know and I know that there's good stuff in the boy, and it

just remains for somebody to snap him out of the delusion that he's handcuffed. Let's do it!"

"All right with me, old chap! What shall we do?"

"Leave that to me; I'll tell you. See you later."

Meanwhile the unsuspecting Nichols had arrived, bringing with him a whirlwind of energy. Scarcely had he seated himself when buzzers sounded, phone bells rang, and clerks and stenographers hurried hither and thither obeying his many commands.

Timothy Tealeaf paused outside and looked thru the glass partition in silent amusement. Then he nodded to himself, regained his hat, and walked into Nichols' office with the air of one who had just arrived.

"Hello, Mr. Tealeaf!" said the busy Nichols, "sit down a minute while I finish this letter, and I'll be with you."

Timothy Tealeaf took the chair by the other's desk, content to watch. The office hummed with activity; the swinging door was constantly in motion. The telephone receiver was off the hook during long conversations, typewriters clicked, and workers scurried back and forth with handfuls of papers. Some proofs, clipped together for proof reading and O.K., fluttered to the floor unnoticed by one of them who passed by and Timothy Tealeaf picked it up. "What's this?" he asked.

"Proof for the June page ad in *The Builders' Gazette*," said Nichols. "Let's see it." He reached out a hurried hand for the proof, glanced over it with eyes that seemed trying to take in everything at once, scrawled the semblance of an O.K. on it, and threw it in his out-basket.

"Who does that go to now?" asked Timothy Tealeaf.

"Mr. McGrew, the general sales manager."

"Mind if I take it in? I want to look around."

"No, go ahead!"

Timothy Tealeaf strolled into the next office.

"Now, listen, Mac," said he when he again stood beside the sales manager, "take this proof and forget about it. Stick it in your desk or your last year's file, or something. Every time Nichols comes in, or sends for it, tell him you sent it back in the office mail, or can't find it, or never saw it."

McGrew took the proof, glanced thru it, and tossed it into the wastebasket. "There!" he said, "That's that!"

Two days later Timothy Tealeaf walked unannounced into the office of Douglas Nichols. His general demeanor was one of veiled expectancy.

"Mr. Tealeaf!" cried Nichols. "Been trying to get you! What in the world did you do with that proof of *The Builders' Gazette* ad you took in to Mr. McGrew's office the other day? It's lost, and it's got my O. K. on it, and the magazine closes to-day and they just called up to say that we are too late to make any corrections! I remember making a price correction in the copy; if the magazine runs it the way it was, there will be no end of harm."

"Don't get excited, Douglas! McGrew threw your proof into the wastebasket, because I asked him to. We wanted to see what you'd do, and I'm very much afraid you showed yourself up!"

"Gee, Mr. Tealeaf, I think that was a dirty trick."

"Perhaps it was. That remains to be seen. I did it because the other day when I came down here McGrew, who happens to be an old friend of mine, told me exactly what I thought was the trouble with Mr. Douglas H. Nichols!"

"What did he say?"



—Bringing With Him a Whirlwind of Energy

“He said you were dizzy.”

“Great Scott!”

“That’s what he said! The ‘dirty trick’ was a little object lesson that I hope you’ll take to heart. Listen, and I’ll explain. If you’d sent copy for that ad to *The Builders’ Gazette* a couple of weeks before their closing date, you would have had proof in plenty of time for everybody in the place to see it, and still be able to make corrections. I called them up, and they told me that they didn’t get copy and cuts until three days before they went to press. They rushed that proof to you; when you had looked it over, you should have either gone personally for McGrew’s O.K. or O.K.’ed it on your own responsibility, instead of which you simply sent it in to him. After doing that, you evidently forgot about it until the magazine called you up. When you got the phone call from them, instead of remembering about the price correction and giving them a phone O.K., you got

panicky and started running around in circles. No wonder you can't get anything done!

"Can't you see that when McGrew said you were dizzy, he was speaking the truth? I watched you work the other day when you didn't know it, and there was so much lost motion around your desk that it generated heat! When you came in, you hung your hat up with one hand and rang for a stenographer with the other; then when she came in you let her sit there for five minutes while you pondered over the first letter and looked up some data on it, thereby wasting your time and hers. You did the same thing with almost every letter you dictated. Even your clerks know enough to go over their correspondence and get it lined up before dictating.

"Every time the phone rang, or someone came in, or some memos came in the mail, you started off on a new tack instead of finishing what you were doing at the time. You were in and out of your chair a thousand times. In other words, you're as energetic as the very devil, but your energy is all misdirected!

"Now, here's some good advice. When you come in in the morning, master that impulse to ring every buzzer and bell within reach. Shut your eyes and count ten before you make a move; do the same thing before making any decisions. Do one thing at a time and have a little tickler file or follow-up system on your desk to remind you what to do to-morrow.

"Just one final word. Remember that there's such a thing as follow thru in business as well as in golf or tennis. Think things thru to the finish—don't leave them half-done. Don't make half-baked decisions or snap judgments. Now let's say nothing more about it for a year; at the end of that time, you won't think we played you a dirty trick!"

The year passed, the opera season was again in full swing, and again Timothy Tealeaf and Douglas Nichols are in attendance—this time in a box. But now Douglas Nichols is general advertising manager of the Unbreakable Steel Corporation, and that extremely attractive girl by his side is his bride of but two weeks.

Douglas Nichols turned to Timothy Tealeaf.

"Remember the last time we went to the opera together?"

"Yes," answered the Business Investigator—for it was indeed he. "Do you still think it was a dirty trick I played on you?"

Douglas smiled and slowly shook his head.

"What are you two talking about in that stage whisper?" asked Mrs. Nichols. "You're practically breaking up the opera!"

"Just a little secret between us!" said Timothy Tealeaf.

It has been the author's custom to recommend for the benefit of readers certain books in which the policies and practices of Timothy Tealeaf are more fully explained and set forth. In this connection, the following

books will be found of surpassing value.

Advertising, by E. H. Kastor.

Business English, by E. H. Lewis.

Personal Efficiency and Selling, by Irving R. Allen.

EPISODE NINE

"The Week" Becomes Weaker and Weaker

THE Upper Level of the Grand Central Terminal was alive with humanity. Each train entrance had its cluster of week-enders, vacationists, and bon voyageurs, with golf bags, tennis racquets, fishing paraphernalia, gifts, and the thousand-and-one other articles that go to make up holiday equipment, each waiting, with varying degrees of impatience, for the arrival of the train.

Timothy Tealeaf, alone amid the bustle and crush, felt out of his element. Hardened to travel in the interests of business, he was unused to it for any other purpose. The "good-bys and good lucks" confused him and made him lonely. No loving hands clung to his; no kisses lingered against his lips. He glanced at the accessories of court and links and trout stream depending from the shoulders of those around him, then down at his one brown bag, seasoned campaigner of many a business trip. His eyes fell on his worn brief case, stuffed with papers for his leisurely attention on the hotel veranda. His brow darkened. Was this how he was to spend his vacation—doing the same things that he did at his desk? With a muttered curse he seized the offending piece of luggage, and calling to a porter had it checked until his return. Business, he told himself savagely, was not to be a part of *this* vacation—not if he could help it!

The grilled gate drew back. The jam at the rail formed a vortex within itself which drew him slowly but irresistibly thru to another land—the land of summer days.

Pockmock, N. Y., is a little gem of a village in a setting of stillness and restfulness that one can very nearly hear and feel. It boasts a hotel which caters almost exclusively to the T. B. M.—the Tired Business Man who flees the city's roar for long summer nights with no sound but the crickets and katydids, and blissful days with no sight but that of fresh green fields, cool woods, and mirror lakes.

The Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—lollod on the veranda of the Pockmock House, resting determinedly. He was one of the breed who chafe at idleness and inactivity, who would rather work themselves into an early grave than retire at forty, and resting was harder for him than work was for most others. He missed his brief case now. There were not even kindred spirits among the other guests with whom to discuss general conditions, German reparation, elections, the Allied debts, and other topics dear to the heart of the American business man; those who had registered before him were for the most part invalidated beyond the possibility of amicable conversation, or bent upon trying their luck—or skill, as the case might be—among adjacent streams and lakes. If Timothy Tealeaf had felt lonely at the train, he was utterly desolate now.

In desperation he uncrossed his knickered legs and strode miserably toward the village, hoping for diversion at the general store. The proprietor's sign, "Amos J. Heck," promised well, and stepping inside to an atmosphere of coffee, harness, grain, burlap, and tobacco, he looked about him.

General stores,^① if you know them at all, are in a class apart from any other retail establishment, and this one was typical. Here were shelves built ceiling-high, stocked to their uttermost capacity with groceries, canned goods, gloves, overalls, shoes, braids



Timothy, Alone Amid the Bustle and Crush

of onions, sides of bacon, nests of pans, whips, rods, tools, and implements—more wonders than a children's toy shop. There were bins of coffee, rice, tea, and beans; barrels of crackers, potatoes, nails, and knickknacks. A cracked showcase housed tobacco; beside it on the counter was a barred window frame, set by itself like a gate without a fence and labeled "U. S. Post Office." A board across two barrels carried a fairly well-chosen assortment of popular magazines. And in the middle of the floor, like an old dowager sitting alone, was a tremendous pot-bellied stove—Timothy Tealeaf, in his mind's eye could see it glowing red-hot in winter—surrounded by a few nondescript chairs in every conceivable state of disrepair, and the inevitable soap box, half-filled with sawdust, to receive the deadly shots of tobacco juice that came its way.

The Business Investigator strolled over to the magazines, picked out a copy of *The Week* and looked around for the proprietor. Instead of the shambling, drawling hayseed he expected, he found a clean-cut young fellow who took his nickel with a cheerful grin and a well-spoken "Thank You!"⁽²⁾ Timothy Tealeaf warmed to him instantly.

"Well, how's business, young man?"

"Business is good, thanks!"

"Are you Mr. Heck?"

"No, sir. Mr. Heck has gone to visit his married daughter in New York, and I've taken charge of the store for the summer.

"College man, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir—I'm a senior this year. I'm—I'm working my way thru."

"Good for you! Never be ashamed of that!"

"I'm not; but it's sort of tough, especially when you've been used to the decencies of life, to have to get out and grub around for the bare necessities. You see, my father lost all his money."

"Perhaps you'd like to tell me how it happened. I may have known him. My name is Timothy Tealeaf."

"Mine's Roger Smith." The two shook hands, while the Business Investigator tried vainly to catch the fleeting memory which stirred at the name.

"My father was one of the publishers of *The Story Magazine*," began young Smith. "He had a partner, Mr. Grouge. You know how successful the magazine was; how its circulation climbed and climbed.

"Dad trusted Mr. Grouge; he had been his lifelong friend, and had picked him out of the gutter when he was down and out. He never dreamed that he was the black-hearted scoundrel that he is. Dad went to Europe to solicit some big British advertising accounts; while he was gone Grouge incorporated, got

a board of directors that voted to oust Dad, and when Dad got back there was no *Story Magazine*. Grouge has changed it to a weekly instead of a monthly, changed its name to *The Week*, and had surrounded himself with a lot of crooked lawyers who just stripped Dad of everything. Dad brought action, of course, but had a nervous breakdown just at the crucial point in the suit, and—and—he's in a sanitarium now."

"I remember it now," said Timothy Tealeaf. "It was a rotten trick. Grouge never would have got away with it if your father had kept his health. As it is, *The Week* is a success and Grouge is a multimillionaire, with nothing to worry about except what to do with all his money, while the man he wronged hardly knows where his next meal is coming from. Life is cruel sometimes, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Still, it can't be all a bed of roses! Well, glad you came in, Mr. Tealeaf. Drop in again, won't you?"

Back on the veranda of the Pockmock House, Timothy Tealeaf tried without success to interest himself in the stories which *The Week* offered. His thoughts strayed back to young Smith at the store, and the circumstances which had made him one of the army of students who must earn their education during the summer months. Grouge, the traitor; Smith, the friend; and neither had received his just due. Yes, life was cruel sometimes.

The Business Investigator thumbed thru the advertising③ pages of the magazine. Well, Grouge was certainly no slouch in ability! Here were a hundred and fifty pages of advertising space, most of them on thirteen-time contracts at least! And Roger Smith's father had been literally cheated out of it!

Suddenly Timothy Tealeaf's idle gaze became fixed upon the page before him; lines of deep thought appeared, to be replaced a moment later by an expression of wonder and intense enthusiasm. He sat up straight in his rocker, pounded his knee with his clenched fist, and leaping to his feet strode again toward the village. Three gouty old men, startled out of their drowsy oblivion, blinked like toads and gazed malevolently about for the disturber of their dreams. But there was no sign of him except the gentle rocking of a chair.

Timothy Tealeaf hurried back to the store of Amos J. Heck, and waited impatiently while Roger Smith disposed of a customer.

"Hello, Mr. Tealeaf," said the latter finally. "Back the same day, eh!"

"Say, Smith, look here. What the dickens is this?" The Business Investigator pointed an excited finger at a page ad in his copy of *The Week*. Across it was



"What the Dickens Is This?" Cried Timothy

the imprint of a neat rubber stamp, which read: YOU CAN BUY THIS AT HECK'S GENERAL STORE, POCKMOCK, N. Y.

"Why, it's just a little idea of my own to get customers. I——"

"Does it work?"

"It certainly does! It didn't go so well at first, but that was because there weren't enough people around here taking the magazine. I jumped in my truck one day and sold a bunch of subscriptions, and now it goes better."

"How did you happen to think of it?"

"Well, I figured that *The Week* is a pretty good catalog for these farmers' wives around here. It carries advertising for everything they need, and they're great catalog buyers anyhow; look at the way mail order④ houses sell them stuff. I thought perhaps they'd rather buy advertised brands than the things the mail order houses offered, and I guess I was right. Before I tried this stunt, they bought entirely from catalogs or peddlers; the store was a last resort. Now they buy here."

"How do you stamp the subscription copies?"

"I arranged to have them delivered here for redistribution. When they come in I go thru one copy myself, and stamp all the ads for lines I carry; then I have a boy stamp the rest of the copies and either he delivers them or I send them by mail."

"Have you tried it out thoroughly?"

"How can I?"

"Easily. Here's next week's issue right now," as an R.F.D. wagon drew up to the door and deposited a large bundle of *The Week*. "Why don't you find an ad for some line you don't carry, stamp the ad, and stock the line?"

"By George, I'll do it!" Young Smith picked up a copy and turned the pages. "Here's a new brand of pineapple; I'll stamp it to-night, and wire for a couple of cases. I'll bet I sell every can in two days!"

"I'll bet you do, to! Well, I'll go back. Come up for dinner to-night, will you?"

Timothy Tealeaf could hardly wait to see the result of the test. Early Saturday morning he was down at Amos J. Heck's general store, watching the purchases. He had not long to wait to see that it was as he had hoped; the farmers and their wives came and bought their next week's supply of this and that, and a surprising number of them took along a can or two of "Zileh's Hawaiian Pineapple—Untouched By Human Hands." When noon came he strode over and slapped Smith on the back in jovial congratulation.

"Well, it works! Listen, Smith, I know what I'm talking about, and when I say a thing is good it's *good!* I want to tell you that you've hit upon an idea that may bring about one of the greatest advances in advertising and selling^⑤ that the country has ever seen. I'm going back to New York on the one o'clock train to make some investigations; if they turn out as I expect they will, I want you to come down there with me. We'll put on a stunt that will knock old man Grouge and *The Week* into a cocked hat!"

"But—but—I haven't any capital or—"

"Capital! If this thing lines up the way I'm sure it will, we won't have to worry about capital!"^⑥

"But—"

"Never mind the buts, young man—I'm going to New York to find out about those! When I wire you, drop everything and come! Good-by!"

July ripened into August. The advertising agencies up and down Madison Avenue rose from their summer lethargy and went about their fall campaigns. Solicitors from newspapers and magazine representatives thronged the offices of the space buyers, demanding contracts.⑦ The summer slump—if any—was over.

J. Wellington Grouge, of the Grouge Publications, sat in his office reading his morning mail. His collar was, as usual, too high for him; he peered over its edge like a little fat cat on a step, accentuating rather than concealing the fact that he was short and fat. He wore black-rimmed eyeglasses, with a black ribbon depending from them; his nails were manicured and spats decorated his feet. He smoked his forenoon cigar and blithely hummed an air. What cared he, when *The Week* promised to carry more advertising than ever this Fall; what cared he when soon he could guarantee two million circulation?

A sleek secretary opened the door. "A Mr. Tealeaf to see you, Mr. Grouge, and a Mr. Smith."

"What? You don't mean—?"

"No—it's another Mr. Smith," said the sleek secretary with an oily smile.

"And who's the other? Tealeaf? Never heard of him. Yes, I have—detective or something. All right—send them in."

Timothy Tealeaf and young Smith entered.

"My name is Tealeaf," said the Business Investigator. "You may have heard of me. And this is Roger Smith, Junior. You may have heard of his father."

J. Wellington Grouge forced a smile and held out his hand. Timothy Tealeaf took it perfunctorily; Smith ignored it.



“Saturday” Becomes a Part of the Home Life of the Country

“What can I do for you, gentlemen? Please be brief; I have an appointment shortly.”

“Your appointment, if any, can wait for what we have to say,” said the Business Investigator. “I have here a plan, originated by Mr. Smith here, that will increase your circulation at least 20 per cent and will give you a perfectly good reason for increasing your advertising rates, as well. It will place your magazine in the position of having revolutionized the fields of publishing, advertising, and selling, and will solve the great problem of how to tie up the local dealers with general advertising. Does that interest you?”

“It would interest me if it were feasible. There are many excellent ways to increase our circulation and raise our rates—in that connection your plan has

doubtless already been thought of—but when you say that your plan will revolutionize the field of marketing, you're saying something that I don't believe is possible."

"It has been tested thoroly, and is a proved success. Now look here, Grouge. Young Smith owes you something. He will never forget what happened to his father. I am interested only in a business way; there is nothing personal as far as I am concerned. But we have here a project that's worth millions to some publisher. It's worth more than that to you because, used against you, it will give you ruinous competition. Give it your serious consideration and we'll tell you on what terms we'll let you have it; reject it, and we'll go into the publishing field against you and put you out of business so fast that it will make your head swim!"

"I am not afraid, Mr. Tealeaf, of competition in any form. I have built up *The Week* to what it is to-day, without any outside aid. When Mr. Smith was with us, I cannot recall that he ever contributed one single idea—one new thought—to the *Story Magazine* or its success. He made suggestions, true, and had ideas quite often; but invariably they were worthless, or so out of date as to be impracticable. I believe that anything his son may have in mind will be that way, too, and for that reason, as well as for others equally good, I must refuse to have anything to do with a Smith idea!"

"That is final, is it?"

"It is final, and I must ask you to go!"

Outside, Timothy Tealeaf and Roger Smith walked arm in arm down the corridor, wearing broad smiles.

"Well that clears our consciences," said Timothy Tealeaf. "Now we can go ahead!"

I need not go into detail regarding the events that led up to the founding of the *Saturday* magazine, which has now become so much a part of the home life of America that it is as necessary as the morning paper. I need not mention the way in which Timothy Tealeaf gained the co-operation and confidence of the leading advertising agencies and publicity men of the country, who were quick to see the tremendous opportunity for gaining dealer co-operation, consumer demand, and national distribution at one stroke; and who lost no time in selling their largest accounts—which were, incidentally, the largest accounts carried in the advertising pages of *The Week*—on the fundamental idea underlying Roger Smith's experiment at Pockmock. I need not mention that one of the greatest printing houses in the East, foreseeing that *Saturday* was destined for great things, contracted to print three months' issues at his own risk in order to be assured of the final printing contract. I need only point to *Saturday's* outstanding success, to the *permanency* which it attained in the short space of a few months, to prove the wisdom and foresight of Timothy Tealeaf, and his ability as an organizer.

Saturday was the first weekly magazine to be run co-operatively by manufacturers and retailers for purposes of advertising and better distribution.⑧ The great national accounts which sponsored it, and which aided materially in building up the remarkable organization which made good the claim of Timothy Tealeaf to J. Wellington Grouge by revolutionizing the marketing function, were originally Beli's Jellies, Well-Maid Oranges, Sourir's Soups, Everlasting Pancake Flour, Reddyripe Fruit, and *Je Ne Sais Quoi Parfum Products*. Having gained the co-operation of the dealers, these lines, totaling over three hundred

thousand grocers and forty thousand drug stores, by having them distribute to selected lists of their customers copies of *Saturday* stamped as Roger Smith had stamped them at Amos J. Heck's general store, each manufacturer took four pages of advertising, covering the first four issues, and sat back to await developments.

The first issue appeared on Saturday, September 15, in the homes of over a million and a half consumers thruout the country. An imprint on the front cover over the signature of the publishers, Tea-leaf & Smith, of New York, stated that three months' subscription would be sent free on request, after which the price would be \$2.00 a year. Besides the advertising already mentioned—each ad stamped with the name and address of the nearest dealers—it carried the first installment of a serial story by a famous author, four short stories by writers who up to that time had appeared regularly in *The Week*, and departments of interest to mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers—every member of the household. The first issue was received with gingerly suspicion; the second was looked forward to; the third was hailed with acclaim; and the fourth established *Saturday* deep in the hearts of American families in every city, town, and village the country over.

The reaction of the dealers to this new plan was likely to swamp the facilities of the six companies who had first advertised. The stores restocked and restocked; buyers could not wait for the salesmen to make their calls,⁽⁹⁾ and orders came in two, three, and four times within the month. Other manufacturers, who had cautiously waited to see how the plan worked out, hastened to contract for space, which they found that they were allowed to do only on a co-operative basis, which made them all equally

responsible for the financial condition of the magazine. By the time the October issues were off the press, *Saturday* was carrying sixty pages of advertising, and each page carried a 10 per cent royalty to Tealeaf & Smith, Inc.!

Timothy Tealeaf, at his desk in the general offices of *Saturday*, glanced at the card his secretary handed to him.

"J. Wellington Grouge, eh? Let Mr. Smith see him." And with a sly smile Timothy Tealeaf settled back in his chair.

Over the partition that separated his office from that of Roger Smith, he could hear without difficulty what transpired. J. Wellington Grouge entered; Timothy Tealeaf pictured mentally the way in which he offered his hand, and the way in which Smith ignored it.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith."

"Good morning, Mr. Grouge. I suppose you've decided to buy our plant, haven't you? Try and do it!"

"No—that's not the object of my call. I want to sell; I'm thinking of retiring. I want *The Week* to combine with *Saturday*."

Timothy Tealeaf winked solemnly at the inkstand, freed his feet from the wastebasket, and rising slowly made his way into Roger Smith's office.

For the benefit of readers who wish to study further the questions of policy and practice in Episode 9, the following books may be found useful:

Retail Store Management, by

Nystrom, for references ①, ② and ③. *Advertising*, by Kastor, for references ③, ④ and ⑦. *Personal Efficiency and selling*, by Allen, for references ⑤ and ⑥. *Financing a Business*, by Regan, for reference ⑥.

EPISODE TEN

Taming the Hoodoo

A SHOUT. A report like that of an explosion. A scattering of workmen from beneath the broken derrick as steel beams weighing tons came hurtling down from the fifteenth floor, end on. A terrific crash, shot with sparks of fire; then a dead silence—three still forms in grotesque, horrible sprawls—passers-by struck dumb with the sickening sight.

Timothy Tealeaf leaned against a doorway, ill and faint, racked with nausea. He scarcely heard the shrieks of the man brought back to consciousness by the pain of a crushed and mangled leg; he was only superficially aware that those who had but a moment ago been helpless, shocked into incapability, were now rushing hither and thither in panic, commandeering cars, shouting confusedly. Regaining his self-command, he went his way, white and shaken.

Reaching his office, he walked slowly to his desk, his head bent. The morning's mail lay before him in a neat pile, but he could not go thru it with his usual zest. He found it impossible to erase from his mind the horror of what he had just witnessed, nor the fact that he had escaped only by chance the fate that had overtaken the workmen. This time an hour ago, thought he, they had been happy; they had left their homes and families with their working clothes and dinner pails—never to return! What God-sent chance had prompted him to take the other side of the street? Had he followed his usual habit of walk-

ing in the morning sun, he might have been one of them!

The phone buzzer sounded. The Business Investigator, his thoughts on the tragedy, took the receiver off the hook, untangled the cord, and answered.

"Tealeaf talking."

"Say, Mr. Tealeaf, this is Nelson of the Building-block Construction Company. Didn't I see you on the street this morning when the accident on the Cliff Building occurred?"

"Yes, I guess you did, but if you think I'm going to testify for you against some poor devil who's been maimed, you're crazy. I never saw such a sight in my life!"

"I don't want you to testify for us. We're not that kind of company. I want you to help us, on the usual basis, in trying to prevent any more such horrors."

"Great Scott, I'm no construction engineer!"

"You don't have to be. Come on over and I'll explain it to you."

"Any more derricks around that you fellows are using? Well, I'll risk it. See you in a few minutes."

Timothy Tealeaf placed the receiver back on the hook, and, taking his hat, regained the street. Passing the building where the tragedy had occurred, he cast his eye upward to where the death-dealing derrick, idle now, stood gaunt and skeleton-like against the morning blue. He shuddered. How like a gibbet it seemed; just as deadly, just as fateful, except that those who had suffered by it were innocent of crime, unless perhaps the crime of carelessness. Just a moment of inattention—and three lives snuffed out like ants on a walk! Timothy Tealeaf gazed wildly above and about him; possibly at that very moment his fate was dropping on him thru the air. He was right

glad to reach the cool lobby of the huge man-built pile where the Buildingblock Construction Company maintained its offices, and, seated beside the desk of Emil Nelson, he felt comparatively secure.

"I tell you, Emil," said the Business Investigator—for it was indeed he—"it was horrifying. It seems to me that a firm like yours, with every facility for making work safe for the workman, would see to it that precautions are carried out. What's the use of guards on your gears, goggles for your riveters, and all that stuff, if you aren't going to follow thru on the idea. It's just like a ship with holes in all the lifeboats. You can install all the safety devices you want to, but if you're going to let your ordinary common-sense precautions go to the devil, you aren't any better off than before, are you?"

"No, that's right, but—"

"That derrick probably bristled with safety attachments, but I'll bet the cable hadn't been tested for two weeks. When a little extra strain was put on it—bang! Three men smashed on the pavement. Ugh!"

"That cable was all right. They overloaded it, and then let it come up at a speed they should have known was too much. And that brings out just the point I want to take up with you; how can we sell our men the *idea of safety*? That accident this morning—you'd think the rest would take it to heart, wouldn't you? They will—for about two days. Then off they'll go riding beams again, lighting their pipes leaning out over the street against the wind. A day on the Cliff Building looks like a three-ring circus when the boys get going right!"

"What have you tried?"

"Everything. Working thru the foremen, offering safety bonuses, safety-first campaigns, firing men who

were lax, working one floor against another! We're at our wits' end."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Anything under the sun that will prevent these accidents. I don't care to what lengths you go or how you do it. One thing I think might work is a series of noonday speeches or talks. Get the men together and make them see what fools they are to take such risks."

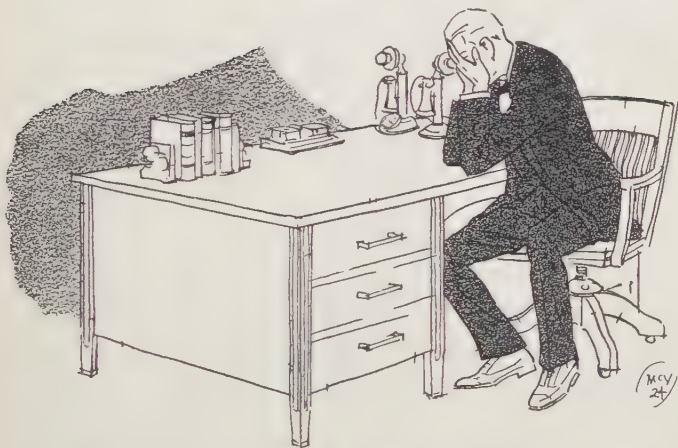
"I can tell you in advance, Emil, that that wouldn't do. A speech is all right when a strike threatens, but not when sustained effort is needed over a long period of time. A bunch of workmen is the most mob-psychological mob that ever came together. You can play on their feelings and emotions like an organ; you can make them mad, sad, happy, or determined with a word—but it won't last. As soon as you stop talking to them they forget what you told them and go back to what they were doing—just the way they were doing it!"

"You've got it about right, Mr. Tealeaf. You seem to be familiar with the situation. We know all the usual stunts to promote safety. My reason for calling you in was that perhaps a man with a fertile brain like yours, who is not familiar with the technical man's side of it, might think of something brand new that will solve the problem."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Timothy Tealeaf. "I'll take the job on this basis: If I complete a single building without a serious accident, pay me double the usual fee. If I don't within two years, you owe me nothing. How's that?"

"I'd rather pay you for your time, but you've aroused my gambling nature again! Go to it!"

Early next morning, when the 8 o'clock whistle called the men to work, there was a newcomer among



**He Found It Impossible to Erase From His Mind the
Horror of What He Had Just Witnessed**

them—Timothy Tealeaf—in faded dungarees, and with a special pass. He sought out the elevator, consisting almost entirely of a floor and a cable, which ran within the scaffolding that clung like a structure of toothpicks up the side of the Cliff Building. Others crowded in with him until it seemed that when the donkey engine should whisk them skyward the slender steel cable could not take the strain. The last man jammed his way in among his fellows. A bell—a jerk—and the Business Investigator was shot upward at stomach-sinking speed. He found time to notice that more than one overall-clad shoulder brushed the scaffolding as they flashed by. One joist out of line, he thought, and there would be a crushed arm or a dangerous cut. Perhaps he would be as contemptuous of danger, he thought, if he were in daily contact with it as they were—but he doubted it!

The elevator reached the fifteenth floor, and stopped with a jerk that seemed likely to snap the cable then and there. The men crowded forth onto the steel beams that had already been set, jostling one another until it seemed a miracle that they held their footing at all. Timothy Tealeaf waited, as much for the sake of watching them as for his own; then he stepped off to a narrow pathway of two-inch planks that led like a cowpath over a moor toward the derrick.

Reaching the latter, the Business Investigator stepped to the edge where some of the girders had been overlaid with concrete, and looked cautiously down to the street beneath, where antlike men went about the mixing of cement and gravel as tho, only the day before, tons of crushing steel had not been let down upon their companions. In his mind's eye he reconstructed the scene. The massive steel beams, suspended like the sword of Damocles by the threadlike cable, slowly revolving as the engine drew them painfully up—up—up; then the shout that he himself had heard, the terrible moment while the "ants" below scattered for their lives, and the final annihilating crash that had carried three souls with it into eternity.

Dizziness overcame Timothy Tealeaf; he was glad to lean with his back against the derrick and watch the men at work. He did not have to watch long to see that Emil Nelson had spoken truly. Here was a young fellow on the beams below him who gathered the bights of a block and fall in one loosely gloved hand, and with his entire weight on that sole support take his ease leaning out over sheer space, talking with his companions who seemed to think nothing of his performance. To his left, a stolid old chap with an iron-gray mustache and a corncob pipe lighted the lat-

ter standing on a girder no wider than the length of his foot. On the skeleton floor above, a boy in new overalls, with a tin can in one hand, missed a red-hot rivet thrown from the nippers of the man attending the blower. Timothy Tealeaf saw the rivet narrowly miss a man spreading concrete and disappear like a meteor in infinity in the general direction of the street.

A mechanic directly in front of the Business Investigator, attempting to grease moving gears on a donkey engine, caught his hand in them and escaped the loss of his fingers only by slipping them out of his glove as the latter was drawn in among the grinding teeth. He heard Timothy Tealeaf's exclamation, looked up with a grin, and borrowed a glove from his helper, with which he went on as before.

The Business Investigator turned in impatience. As he did so, his eye was attracted by a grotesque design, evidently drawn laboriously in chalk, which decorated the face of the derrick. He looked closer. What was it—a cross? The arms seemed to be reinforced with curvettes and curlicues, and the base had other lines growing from it which formed right-angled triangles at its foot. Could some religiously inclined workman have put it there after the accident?

A footfall on the plank path made him look around, to see coming toward him a tall, bronzed man of middle age, whose face and manner bore an unmistakable air of authority.

"Are you Mr. Tealeaf? Mr. Nelson told me that you'd be here. My name is Olson."

"Glad to know you, Olson. You're one of the foremen?"

"Yes, sir. Looking around?"

"Yes. What in the world is this thing?" And the Business Investigator indicated the curious device on the derrick.

"That? Oh, the boys put it there the other day after the derrick let those beams fall. They always do something like that. It's some holy sign that's supposed to chase away the devil, or take the curse off the derrick, or change their luck—I don't know what it is."

Timothy Tealeaf examined the cross with renewed interest.

"I suppose the building trade has a lot of superstitions, just like any other line?"

"Sure! Here—look. See that?" And Olson pointed aloft to where some men were scrambling about on the iron framework of the tower that was to top the new building, putting in place a small fir tree, brown with age and long dead. "Whenever a new building goes up anywhere in America, whether it's a skyscraper or a bungalow, the men stick a tree up on top of it for luck. And look here—" as he led the way across the planks, "here's another of them signs like you saw on the derrick. Feller spilled hot lead on his hand the other day and had to have it taken off. Why—look at me! I'm a Swede. Proud of it, and proud to do a good day's work any day. But do you think I'd grub around in the dirt, like the dagoes that excavated this foundation? Not on your life. I like to get as near the sky as I can. The dagoes, they like to stay close to the ground; you couldn't get one of 'em above the fourth floor for love or money! That's why you'll find mostly Swedes and Norwegians among the ironworkers, and Eytalians digging the ditches. Funny, isn't it?"

"It certainly is. What other superstitions are there?"

"Oh, there's plenty. I can't think of them all now. Oh, God; look at that!"

A workman was being half led, half dragged to the elevator. His left hand—or what had been his hand—lay at his side, dripping blood. He made no sound, but in his eyes there was a look of a hurt dog.

Olson raised his voice. "Charlie, come here! How did that happen?"

One of the workmen approached. "He caught his hand under a girder he was settin.' He tried to take a chaw of terbaccer while he was swingin' it in, and it got him."

Olson shook his head, and made a little clicking sound of pity with his tongue.

"Ain't that a shame? Could have helped it, too, if he'd been careful. I don't know what we'll do, Mr. Tealeaf. Accidents are unavoidable sometimes, but most of the ones we have aren't. I talk to the boys all the time about being careful of themselves; I try to show them what it means to their wives and their kids if they get killed or hurt for life. I say to them that there's a safe and an unsafe way to do every job on the building, just as there's a right and a wrong way. I don't know why they choose the wrong way; neither do they half the time, but they just go on and on and trust to luck—sometimes for years and years—and they finally get it."

Timothy Tealeaf's eyes were suddenly alight with inspiration.

"Olson, I think I see a way to stop all this. I'm glad I ran across you. Yes, sir! I think I've got it!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why—this superstition thing. Can't you see its possibilities?"

"You mean all these crosses and funny ideas the men have?"

“Sure! Here—come with me!”

Ten minutes later two disreputable figures appeared in the offices of the Buildingblock Construction Company. They were Timothy Tealeaf, Business Investigator, and Olson, foreman, and they clamored for audience with Emil Nelson.

Nelson came out to meet them with a twinkle in his eye.

“Here, here, Mr. Tealeaf! Your two years aren’t up yet. Get back on the job! And you, Olson. You’ve no right down here!”

“I know it, sir, but Mr. Tealeaf made me come along. He—”

“Let’s go inside, Emil!” The Business Investigator was glowing with excitement.

“Listen!” he exclaimed when they were seated in Nelson’s office. “Here’s a fundamental idea that will do the business, as sure as shooting! In the first place, take any line of work where a lot of men of the working class, of all breeds and nationalities get together. What do you find? A great big conglomeration of beliefs, religions, complexes, impulses, mentalities, habits! And out of that conglomeration, as time goes on, grows a lot of superstitions peculiar to the work the men do. Take the sea, for instance. Think of the superstitions the sailors have, not only on the old sailing ships and whalers, but right in the United States navy to-day! Take the army, take anything similar, and you’ll find a group of men who believe in God, who go to church at least once in a while, who are otherwise sane—but who think that knocking on wood is lucky, or that a black cat in the cellar means a cold winter, or something like that.

“All right—that’s the first point, that all groups of men are superstitious. Now for the second. Take

the navy again. Navy men have a lot of funny ideas. They say:

Evening gray and morning red
Makes wise sailors shake their head.

"Not very grammatical, but it's apt. They also say:

Evening red and morning gray
Are the signs of a genial day.

"When a man enlists in the navy, he has to learn a lot of seamanship. Among the things he has to know are the 'Rules of the Road,' which includes a whole raft of dope on port and starboard running lights, the right of way, etc. Some clever old bird got a series of jingles that cover the whole thing. All a man has to do is learn the jingles by heart, and he knows as much about the rules of the road as the captain of a ship.

"Another of their sayings is 'Never spit to windward.' Rather inelegant, but it comes in handy. Many a boatswain's mate has been moved to profanity at the sight of a long brown streak down the side of his ship, just when he thought everything clean and shipshape. Some landlubber tried to spit tobacco juice into the wind, and the wind blew it back into the ship's side. If the sailor had gone to the other side of the ship and spit to leeward, the wind would have carried it away.

"Here's another: 'Marry your falls.' That means that when using a block and fall for any purpose, and there is a strain on the tackle, taking the fall and bringing all the ropes together in the hands, so that they work against one another, lessens the danger of the fall slipping, and therefore a possible accident. A dirty sailor is the object of derision and contempt among his fellows; they drag him out of his hammock some night and give him a scrubbing with sand and



Olson Shows Timothy Tealeaf the Carelessness of the Workers

canvas. Takes the dirt off, and most of the skin along with it—but you can bet that that man is clean from then on!”

“What about the idea you had?”

“Here it is, Emil! Devise a lot of superstitions built around *safety*. Make up a lot of jingles and slogans, and popularize them among the men. List every sort of accident that can happen, and make such a dumbbell out of every man who makes such an accident possible that the rest of the fellows will ride him until he learns his lesson!

Taming the

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